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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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Au Courant.

THERE is nothing apparently like music to make a theatre audience talk. Ask the unlucky composers who have specially written music for Mr. Irving's productions, and they will tell you so. Thus it is that Miss Florence Farr's attempt to abolish the orchestra at the Avenue Theatre has been a failure. The three knocks which did duty for an overture, *à la française*, only excited laughter, and after three days of silence the band was restored. In this connection I note that some one asks why slow music is employed in the theatre at a thrilling dramatic moment. I suppose no one can tell. But somebody suggests that it should be abolished, not only because it is damaging to true artistic effect, but because it awakens the orchestra from a well-earned slumber!

It seems to be generally admitted that the Hon. Arthur G. Brand has again got into Parliament largely through the singing of his wife. Music, as one of my contemporaries remarks, has long been a factor at election times; brass bands find plenty of employment then whether they play for love or for money. Probably the election band is only a few degrees less unpleasant than the Salvation Army band, and if the "General" of that order finds that converts are made by the Hallelujah lasses with their tambourines, there is no reason why competent lady vocalists should not try their powers in the political world. There must be many who care nothing about a political speech, and would infinitely prefer a song; and a good song with a chorus would come in as a real power at election time.

THE death of Mr. Louis Engel in Paris recalls the name of an erstwhile musical critic, who some four years ago had to seek a home on the continent as being possibly a more temperate and less moral clime than London. Mr. Engel (who was certainly not a good angel) became known here chiefly as the musical critic of *The World*, a distinction now held by that born wag, Mr. Bernard Shaw. In early life he was a famous performer on the harmonium, when that instrument was first brought to the notice of the public, and in London he frequently gave recitals on it at Metzler's and elsewhere. He was for a time in the States assisting Mr. Freund as editor of the New York *Music Trade Review*, and afterwards as editor of a paper of his own called *The Arcadian*. Mr. Engel's exploits in London are notorious, particularly his ruining of a girl pupil, and then suggesting that her best way out of the difficulty would be to commit suicide! It was a somewhat unique circumstance that the profits of a book of his which was being issued at the time, were given up by the publishers to meeting the damages of the court.

SPEAKING of Mr. Shaw I am reminded of his recent characteristic lecture on "Criticism: its cause and cure." Mr. Shaw announced to his hearers with becoming gravity that although he has been a critic for a dozen years, no one has so far been thoughtful enough to send him a ten pound note. This is one way of getting at the critic, and I know that it has been tried, sometimes successfully. But Mr. Shaw shows another and a better way. You are a composer. You request the musical critic to write the libretto of an oratorio, and naturally follow this up with a request for an analytical programme. For all this of course you pay your critic, and then—what then? Why of course when the time comes for writing his press notices, your critic lets you down lightly—perhaps even lauds you to the skies. Mr. Shaw is right, but wild horses would not make me mention names.

MADAME PATTI decidedly initiated a new departure—new for her, that is—in giving a song by Wagner at her recent concert in the Albert Hall. Hitherto, as has been pointed out, the repertoire of the *diva* has chiefly consisted of arias and cavatinas of the Rossini school; but the conjunction of Patti and Wagner is certainly preferable to Patti and "Home, sweet home."

THE statistics relating to music in State-aided schools in England and Wales have just been issued. The noteworthy features are—First—That the use of the Staff notation makes practically no progress. It is used in only 2,413 out of 29,571 schools. Second—That the use of the Tonic Sol-fa notation is increasing at a rapid rate, being now used in 17,503 schools. Third—That ear-singing is gradually abolishing itself. In 1884, 18,593 schools taught by ear; in 1893 only 9,655 schools did so. Fourth—That owing to the great increase in the use of note-singing (which is paid for at a shilling per head, whereas ear-singing is paid at sixpence per head), the total grant for music in England and Wales was £183,480, as against £114,068 paid in 1884. Of course, the Sol-faists are jubilant over the progress of their notation; that is natural, but one may, notwithstanding, express regret that the notation of the world as against the notation of a very small section of the world is not making greater headway in the schools.

EVERY musician knows something of Spitta's monumental "Life of Bach," even if he does not possess the book itself, and every musician must therefore hear with regret of the death of the author at the early age of fifty-two. Herr Spitta was for many years a schoolmaster, but his labours on the Life of Bach resulted in his being appointed Professor of Musical History at the University of Berlin, and Professor at the High School for Music, of which institution he became director in 1882. He was one of the

most distinguished of German *littérateurs*. It is a sad circumstance that he had frequently expressed his conviction that he would die of apoplexy in his 52nd year as his father did, a conviction which has, alas! come true.

THE musicians of the Prague orchestra—one of the best in Europe—complain that they "have to live like paupers, and are compelled, after fatiguing rehearsals, to copy music or give lessons, in order to earn an extra penny, even their wives being obliged to assist them in the task of earning their daily bread." They have lately struck for an increase in salary of from eight to twenty shillings a month; and the strike has revealed the almost incredible fact that they receive less than four pounds a month! The Prague musicians should establish a Mutual Union at once.

DR. RICHTER, who comes to us this month for his twenty-second series of London concerts, has to regret the loss of his beard. His recent slight indisposition was due to a swollen face, and, after a relapse, it was found advisable to cut a small abscess with a lancet. This necessitated the removal of his beard and whiskers, and the eminent conductor's chin is now as smooth as that of the typical Siegfried.

IT may interest some of my readers to learn that the man Perotti, who some time ago was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in Glasgow for attempting to dispose of fraudulently-obtained violins, pleaded guilty the other day to forging Messrs. Hart's and Messrs. Hill's warranties, and to obtaining violins from others by false pretences. The rascal was sentenced to three and a half years' penal servitude, and most people will say, serve him right.

THE *Musical Courier* of New York is not pleased with our musical papers. We want a dozen Bernard Shaws to wake it up, it seems; for "anything more deadly tiresome than the report of a concert in an English journal," the *Courier* can't conceive. Well, the Americans can certainly do some remarkable things in the way of musical criticism. The visit of young Hofmann, for instance, some five or six years ago, was the occasion of one of the most strikingly original pieces of criticism that have ever been produced even on that side of the Atlantic. "This curly-headed wonder-child," observed one journal, "whipped off the chords with the energy of a belated car-driver, while his diminutive digits skipped over the Steinway key-board as surely and swiftly as a bank manager off to Canada, yet as softly and lightly as the gentle flapping of the wings of seraphim." Assuredly we can't beat that—and we don't want to.

THE interviewer has got into close quarters with Von Suppé, the composer of *Boccaccio*,

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and accordingly we have an interesting account of that musician. Suppé calls himself a Dalmatian, though he was born on board a ship. He wrote a mass when he was only fifteen, but his father wanted him to study medicine and not music, and it was only upon the death of the parent that music had its way. The composer says the happiest period of his life was when he was a student at the University of Padua. At Milan—this was before 1848—he formed the acquaintance of Verdi, who at that time, he says, used to sit all day long in the back room of a quiet little café on the Piazza del Duomo. "The poor devil," adds Suppé, "used to compose tunes for strolling musicians, and made a living pretty hardly." Times have changed, evidently, for the composer of *Falstaff*.

* * *

IT is now definitely announced that Anton Rubinstein is about to retire into private life. He intends settling permanently in Russia on his estate there, and so the musical world must bid good-bye to its hopes of listening once more to this great artist. Rubinstein will be sixty-four years old in November, and while his playing shows hardly any diminution of its former power, yet he wishes to leave the concert-platform before his faculties begin to fail. The world's greatest pianist thus makes way for a younger generation. His retirement leaves a distinct gap in the ranks of the virtuosi.

* * *

A VERY wide circle of opera-goers will have heard with regret of the death in Brooklyn of Mrs. F. C. Packard, best known as Miss Julia Gaylord. An American by birth, she came under the notice of Mr. Carl Rosa, who at once engaged her as a *prima donna* in his company. Miss Gaylord had a charming presence and a beautifully fresh and full soprano voice, and she soon became one of the most attractive members of the combination. Undoubtedly she was the best "Mignon" that ever appeared in the British provinces. Unhappily some four years ago she had a trying illness, which left her practically without a singing voice, and she had been in broken health as well as in broken spirits ever since.

* * *

THE American papers hint at troubles between Madame Patti and her husband, Signor Nicolini. The eminent *prima donna*, says the *Musical Courier*, has quaffed so deeply from the intoxicating cup of good fortune, that she has in her later days become capricious, gusty in temper, fickle, and inordinately vain. On herself—she worships that very self as a divinity—she has lavished all the good things in the world; but, oddly enough, while personally extravagant, she has developed a disposition to keep Nicolini down—in a pecuniary sense. And so Nicolini is "kicking," and there is, so rumour says, a possible divorce case looming up in the near future.

* * *

AMONGST our musical visitors this season is the once celebrated tenor, Mr. Campanini, who made something like a sensation at Drury Lane twenty-four years ago. Campanini, as "Cherubino" reminds us, was the original Sir Kenneth in Balfe's *Talisman*, and the original Don Jose in *Carmen*; and he was the first to sing in England the part of Faust in Boito's *Mefistofele*. During the past fourteen years he has resided in the United States, where he has established a singing academy. He has also now mastered the English tongue, and indeed, at the performance of *Otello* at Milan, he acted as special correspondent of one of the American papers.

ONCE more the announcement is going the rounds that F. N. Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is in destitute circumstances. He has been in America for 45 years, and is now a man of 86. He was originally a student at the R.A.M., was a member of Queen Adelaide's band, principal violoncellist at Drury Lane, and for some years the musical adviser to the now extinct firm of D'Almaine & Co. In 1845 he made an unsuccessful application for the post of principal bass in Durham Cathedral. It seems disgraceful that a man of 86 should be starving after having made it possible for publishers to make thousands of pounds out of only one of his productions.

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MISS JANOTHA is to give a concert this month under the immediate patronage of H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of York, and the Duchess of Teck. Daly's Theatre has been granted; and a short original work by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), expressly written for the occasion, will be introduced by Miss Ellen Terry.

* * *

MR. FRANCIS KORBAY, the famous composer and singer, has now arrived in London in order to begin his duties at the Royal Academy of Music. He will, of course, give private lessons, and correspondence regarding these should be addressed to the care of Mr. C. Bechstein, 40, Wigmore Street, W.

Musical life in London.

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THE May Concerts are in full swing just now, as many as ten sometimes occurring in one day; and lately forty were given in one week. Of course the greater part of them are worthless, and will not be noticed here. But the main ground for complaint is the sameness of the programmes. Every pianist plays a suite of Handel or Bach, and then ladles out the familiar Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt things; every violinist trots over the ground made only too familiar by Sarasate, Nachez and company. Is there not an original man (or woman) left?

On the evening of April 25, the Westminster Orchestral Society gave one of their concerts in Westminster Town Hall. It was impossible for me to hear the first part, and I also missed the first number of part two—Mr. A. B. Jones's Concert Overture in C Minor. Miss Greta Williams' singing of a Lullaby by Mozart was a trying experience; and Miss Sybil Palliser's playing of Chopin's Nocturne (in F#, I think), and Polonaise in A flat, was too academic a performance to rouse any enthusiasm in my bosom. As if to be disappointed twice was not enough, the arrangers of the concert must needs substitute a Largo by Mozart, for four trombones, for "David's Lament," by Schutz, for bass voice, trombone, and organ, which I had come chiefly to hear. Mozart's quartette is fine, but my feeling of disappointment was too keen to permit me to enjoy it. As for the rendering of the same composer's G minor Symphony, it was intolerably rough. Both Mr. Macpherson and his band can do better work, and they ought to give us of their best, not their second or third best.

The name of Miss Carrie Townshend is not familiar to me; but evidently is to a large number of people, for the small room of Queen's

Hall was fairly filled with her admirers on Thursday, May 3. As a pianist Miss Townshend has her merits, but they are not distinctive. Miss Evangeline Florence was unable to come to sing Schubert, wherefore Miss Amy Allern came and sang something that was certainly not Schubert.

Seven years since young Josef Hofmann was a prodigy. Now he has come back to us nothing more nor less than a clever boy player. On May 5, he played Beethoven's Sonata—op. 101—as if he didn't understand a phrase of it; then dealt rather more intelligently with Schumann's *Phantasie-Stücke*, op. 111; and most intelligently of all was his handling of some interminable, tedious, dreary, barren variations of Rubinstein. Chopin he played gracefully, but without colour.

Miss Teodoras and Mr. Devera gave a concert in Prince's Hall on May 7, the most interesting part being the singing of part-songs by ladies from the London Academy of Music. As for Mr. Devera, his singing is not pleasing, nor is the piano playing of Miss Teodoras more so; and the effect of the whole concert was marred by a wretched composition for eight hands on two pianos and called "The Patrol of the Toy Brigade," which was played in the middle of the programme.

That good may grow out of evil is a truism. Nevertheless, one seldom believes it at the time when the evil is being felt. Thus, when the Bach Choir gave its notorious rendering of the *Matthew Passion*, and we were all squirming under wrong tempi, wretched singing, and worse orchestral playing, we little thought we were paying the price for the delightful concert of May 8th, at the extraordinary hour of 5. See how it works out. One critic spoke out fearlessly, saying that Dr. Stanford was not the man to conduct Bach. Five eminent musicians tried to jump on that critic and end his professional life. They failed, and the fact was emphasized that the performance of the *Passion* had been bad—very bad. Besides, the letter of the five eminent was a sort of challenge to the press: "You say that the Bach Choir concerts are inferior, and we'll teach you who you are!" Critics, as a rule, are not wanting in pugnacity, and had the concert of May 8th been a bad one I've no doubt the challenge would have met an ample response. No one knows that better than Dr. Stanford, and he was wise enough to give us a concert that certainly was not beyond criticism, but which one cannot but criticize favourably. Wise conductor! were it not better always to trust to good performances instead of suppression of good criticism? The programme was a notable one, so I print it entire as it was gone through:—

Motets ...	"Assumpta est Maria" ...	Palestrina, d. 1594.
	"Adoramus te" ...	Vittoria, d. c. 1605.
	"Jesus dulcis" ...	Schütz, 1585-1671.
David's Lament on the death of Absalom, for Bass Solo, Four Trombones, and Organ ...	Mr. David Bispham.	1585-1671.
Motets ...	"Tristis est anima" ...	Lasso, d. 1594.
	"Exultate Deo" ...	Palestrina.
Chaconne, for Violin Solo ...	Mr. Achille Rivarde.	J. S. Bach.
	a. "Cangia, cangia tue voglie" ...	Fasolo, 17th Century.
Vocal Solos ...	b. "Come raggio di Sol" ...	Caldara, 1671-1763.
	c. "Che fiero costume" ...	Legreny, 1625-1690.
	Mr. David Bispham.	
Three Equals, for Four Trombones ...		Beethoven.
Cavalier Songs, for Baritone Solo and Chorus ...		Stanford.
	Mr. David Bispham.	
Choral Ode (Eight Parts), "Blest Pair of Sirens" ...		Purty.

I don't know that I'm differently made to other people, yet I never hear the old music without thinking of the old world. I believe that a man's music does reflect the world he lives in. Palestrina's world was in many respects a nobler world than the world of to-day. Its emotions were healthy, and like the waves of the great Atlantic, whereas ours are spasmodic, violent, like a series of shocks from a galvanic machine. "A penny in the slot" is emblematical of our whole lives; we do, see, and hear everything in little bits, and rush off to do, or see, or hear something else. The breadth and splendid calm of the old time is in every bar of Palestrina's music. Moreover, he composed because he had something to express, and as much for the pleasure of those who were to sing his music as those who were to hear it. Every part is alive, and no part is used for the sake of using it. Our modern composer is not happy unless he scores a dainty lullaby for trombones, tubas, kettle-drums, cymbals, and triangle; but when Palestrina, as in the "Adoramus te," did not want the basses, he left them out. He knew what he wanted, and to him the musical weapons were a means to an end, not the end in themselves; and he would have laughed at our modern idea of using them merely because they are there. Consequently his music is perfect in strength and in sweetness; "austere" though he is called, no sweeter composer ever lived. I have nothing but praise for the singing the Palestrina motets and that other motet which followed—Vittoria's "Jesus dulcis"—a lovely thing that is not without much of Palestrina's sweetness, but has not a trace of Palestrina's strength. The choir, indeed, sang with marked success throughout the concert. Dr. Stanford knows as well as I do that it still needs considerable "revision," but I know as well as he does that revision cannot be done all at once. A choir should be like a board of directors: so many should retire every year, not to be re-elected unless the remaining members think it will be for the total good. The choral parts (men only) of the Cavalier Songs were rather ragged and decidedly lacking in jump; but Dr. Parry's ode was magnificently given.

"David's Lament" was too low for David (Bispham), and I must admit that the performance did not give me the pleasure I anticipated. Dr. Stanford did not conduct so sympathetically as in the Palestrina motets; indeed, I couldn't help feeling that he was saying to himself, "This is a tedious business." But the three vocal solos were sung with complete artistic mastery by Mr. Bispham, and as compelled him to use the finest parts of his voice they made a success with the audience. In the Cavalier Songs he more than compensated for the painful want of electric verve on the part of the chorus.

Mr. Rivarde played the familiar Chaconne in many ways much better than Joachim. His tone is pleasanter throughout. But the big intellectual grasp and sense of rhythm that outweigh the faulty intonation, and sometimes harsh and scratchy tone, of Joachim were conspicuously wanting. But I have not heard Mr. Rivarde before, and as he played no other piece it would be obviously unfair to pass any verdict whatever upon him.

I went down to St. James's Hall on May 12 to hear Hofmann play some of the old music; but found that this was deferred until the last concert (May 19), the programme being made up of Handel, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein. Some of the pianist's own variations were included, to my infinite sorrow, for they were not worth the paper they were written

on—unless, indeed, Mr. Hofmann uses a very inferior paper. The playing of the remainder of the programme only confirmed me in the opinion I had already formed.

His third concert, given on May 19, was, in many respects, the least satisfactory of the three. He played Schubert's glorious, though *un-pianoforte* "Wanderer" fantasia, scamping the rapid portions and putting little feeling into the slower parts. A mazurka, however, and Impromptu from his own pen, were better played, besides being much better music than his Variations.

Madame Roger-Mielos gave two concerts, one on May 4, the other on May 26. At the first, her programme included Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Schumann's Carnival, and smaller pieces, all of which were played with greater vigour of arm than beauty of tone and depth of feeling. The same may be said of a Mr. Rister, who advertises himself as being "from Paris," as though that fact were not the worst recommendation he could have now, when Paris is artistically nearly a century behind every other city in Europe. Mr. Rister is by no means a century behind other European pianists, but he has a great deal to learn; and the pity is, he hardly seems to know it. His rendering of Liszt's disarrangement of Bach's A minor Organ Prelude and Fugue was a fine display of the "manly art" as applied to the piano. What the piano thought is not known, though its feelings were sufficiently expressed in its painful shrieks. By the time Mr. Rister had reached the end of the "Moonlight" sonata I felt inclined to shriek like the piano, but had self-command enough to leave the room quietly instead.

The number of smaller concerts given this month who shall try to number? A bare list of them in our smallest type would cover many pages of the Magazine. But I may at least mention Mrs. Henschel's recital at Queen's Hall (the small room), on the afternoon of Thursday, May 17; a concert given by a Miss Minny Cortese (from Chicago, of all places) on the previous Tuesday, at which she was assisted by Miss Alice Ivimey, and a violin prodigy, Master Arthur Argiewicz, aged 9 years. Then Miss Louise Nanney gave an agreeable concert on May 10, in Prince's Hall; and, as I have said, there have been others, good, bad, fair, or indifferent, too many to think of.

The prodigy proper, as hitherto, I eschew. I have attended concerts by several of the species, but do not propose to write a line that will help their parents to live well at the cost of ruining the lives of the miserable little creatures. If the public knew what prodigyism really meant, it would soon become a thing of the past.

AMSTERDAM A CAPELLA CHOIR.

In 1885 a choir called the Amsterdam à Capella Choir sang in London, and created some stir. This year it has come again, unfortunately, like a thief in the night, so that a stolid public, not being warned in time, has not attended the concerts in such numbers as might be desired. Yet I have no hesitation in calling the Amsterdam choir the very finest I have heard. Technically it is as good as the Meister Glee Singers; artistically, it is beyond all comparison better. It is small, including only nineteen voices. But each singer is a finished professional artist; and as the conductor, Mr. Daniel de Lange, is himself a very great artist, the results achieved are beyond the sort ever heard in England before. The choir devotes itself entirely to the masterpieces of the old Dutch School. I propose to give an article on this school shortly, and am making arrangements to give an interview with Mr. de Lange,

and shall merely say just now that "masterpieces" is the only word that describes these old compositions. They are perfect in their beauty, so that one doubts whether Palestrina ever wrote anything approaching them. Exquisitely sung by the choir under Mr. de Lange's direction, they have roused the greatest enthusiasm. I may confess that some smaller concerts have missed the attention I should wish to have given them, owing to the irresistible temptation to hear the old things of Josquin des Pres, Sweebuck & Co. again and again; and as I saw other critics there several times, I conclude that I was not the only one taken that way.

After all, the month has not been a bad one. This reflection comes upon one on sitting down to record the Mottl concert, given at Queen's Hall, on May 22. The programme was naturally of wider interest than that of the Wagner concert. It included Berlioz's overture to *Benevenuto Cellini*, and two numbers from the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony; Beethoven's C minor symphony; the Introduction to the third act and "Wahu, Wahu," from *The Meistersingers*; "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine and Funeral March," from the *Götterdämmerung*; the Siegfried Idyll; and the "Huldigung March." Though the interest was wider it cannot be said to be so intense as that excited by the previous concert. The British public has not learned to like Berlioz. Whether he was worth learning to like I will not pretend to determine. Personally, I don't like him. His music is diabolically clever; it is full of surprises, effects, and even beautiful patches; but I find it barren of real melody, human emotion, and all that gives savour and colour to life. I can get up, so to speak, a technical interest in it; but as for enjoying it, I never think of such a thing. Berlioz lived his life "like a flea in a fit": he was never two minutes in one mind or one mood; and this irresponsible wobbling is reflected in his music—it has no atmosphere, and the constant unreasonable changes exasperate one. Still, I can imagine Berlioz being made bearable by a conductor of the Berlioz temperament. Given a man with quicksilver instead of blood in his veins, a man all air and fire, that is to say, in plain English, a man three-quarters lunatic and the other quarter inebriated;—such a man might play Berlioz's music with all fit abandon and fiendish slap-dash, until you were nearly as mad and intoxicated as himself. But is Mottl that man? Certainly not? He "treats" the music in ultra-German style: plays it in his own magnificent way—which is not the way to make Berlioz bearable. So far from being bearable, we were intolerably bored on May 22, and the chilly want of enthusiasm was alarming. But things slid back to their right state with the fifth symphony, which got the finest interpretation heard in London in my time. The opening phrase was thundered out with tremendous force, and the last note sustained as Beethoven intended, and as very few conductors manage to achieve. The following pianissimo was as mysterious as one could desire; the sacred subject was sweetly sung, and beautifully phrased and accented, the pace being greater than that adopted by Richter. Then, in the peroration, every accent was inserted, every fortissimo note sustained, and the time taken a little faster again, so that the whole power of the thing was brought out. In the slow movement the double-bass passage was actually heard. How Mottl managed it is his own secret; the fact remains that, instead of the usual rush and roar, we heard every note. A notable point was in the scherzo. On its repetition it was played delicately, and hardly any crescendo made until about four bars before the entry of the theme of

the finale; and here occurred perhaps the most daring incident of the concert. The repeat was omitted. If Beethoven were alive I would call his attention to the fact that this cut improves the number greatly; but as he is not alive, the attention of Mr. Henschel, Mr. Manns, Sir Charles Halle, and other conductors may be called to it. It was, however, when the Wagner music was reached that Mottl was felt to be in his element. The Siegfried Idyll opened much too fast; but, excepting for this, the rendering was a thing of perfect delight. So was the "Huldigung March"—though in a very different way. The breadth and vigour were enormous. Splendid, too, was the "Rhine Journey," and the Introduction to the third act of *The Mastersingers*: Mr. Bispham's singing in the solo, which immediately follows the latter, being (in my opinion) very much the best piece of work he has yet done on the concert-platform. It seemed to me that the orchestra showed signs of fatigue in the "Funeral March"; but really, after so much that was excellent, even super-excellent, it would be ungracious to grumble. As a regular concert-goer, and a dead-head at that, I must thank Mr. Schulz-Curtius for the "intellectual feast" to which he bid me to, and hope he will speedily arrange a regular "Mottl series."

Mr. Felix Mottl: An Interview.

WHEN the announcement of the first Mottl concert was made, I at once arranged with Mr. Schulz-Curtius to interview his notable client, always provided that the latter, like Barkis, "was willin'." Unfortunately the Emperor of Germany interfered. I am a truly humble sort of person, and consider myself quite beneath the notice of emperors who deck themselves in all the brass-work to be found in the locality, and wear soldiers' uniforms and big moustaches, and talk with a big bow-wow, and generally try to impress the world at large that there is not an ass under all that lion's skin; but the particular emperor in question did not regard the matter in that light. He intended to go through Karlsruhe or Baden-Baden, or some other neighbouring town, and he intended to hear Mottl conduct. That would mean the postponement of Mr. Schulz-Curtius's concert. I believe it is correct to say that Messrs. Mottl and Schulz-Curtius both got into what may be described as a state of mind over the business. There were infinite proposals and wirings, and at one time it was all but arranged that Mr. Mottl should come here for one rehearsal, fly back to conduct for the toy-emperor's benefit, and then come here for the final rehearsals and concert. However, when the Emperor heard of this, he wouldn't (in the common phrase) hear of it. He said he would deny himself the pleasure of hearing the greatest living conductor, that English lovers of music might not be discomposed. But before that he had contrived to spoil my interview. For Mr. Mottl didn't reach here until Sunday. He was busy on Monday and Tuesday with rehearsals and the concert, and he ran back to Germany first thing on Wednesday morning; and so, as I say, my interview didn't come off. However, I had a few minutes' conversation with him after the concert. He told me he had been to see *Twelfth Night* at Daly's Theatre, and was greatly delighted therewith. He also was delighted with our English players and our English audiences, and, in fact, with everything

English. He would have been less than human had he felt otherwise; for he had made one of the greatest successes on record with one of the most brilliant English gatherings ever met together to hear a foreign artist.

That was all very well, but when Mr. Mottl came this last time, I determined that no toy-soldier emperors should mar my interview. Directly he landed in London, I arranged to see him before the concert for my readers' benefit, and I did see him, and this was the result.

But first it should be said that Mr. Mottl is a tall, burly man—fairly running over with energy. His voice is full, rich, and strong, whether in speaking, or singing (as he frequently does) to his orchestra at rehearsal. His smile is kindly, sympathetic; his laugh is hearty, even uproarious and contagious; and he is at once dignified and hail-fellow-well-met. Some of our English conductors talk to their baidsmen as if they were dogs or something more humble; some talk apologetically, as if they, the conductors, were the dogs or the humbler animals; but Mr. Mottl does neither. He talks out fully and freely, as though the orchestra were men, but men who were there



to take their directions from him. He is never apologetic; still less is he insolent, or indeed in the smallest degree discourteous. I watched one long rehearsal, and though the conductor's temper was sorely tried (I should think) by dullness and want of alacrity, I don't think a single player went away feeling he had been unduly "sat upon." And I may say that the work of rehearsing an English orchestra was of especial difficulty, for Mr. Mottl speaks no word of our language, and Mr. Willy Hess had to interpret everything.

I began by asking Mr. Mottl what he considered the school where conductors learnt their business.

"Conductors," he said, "are born, not made. Either a man can conduct, or he cannot. He certainly cannot be taught. If any college or academy proposes to teach conducting as an art, it is nonsense!"

"No; I didn't mean school in that sense," I said. "I mean, what course of experience, what knocking about, do you consider best for the making of a conductor?"

"In the first place," said Mr. Mottl, "a man must have the gift to an extent. He must be able to conduct the first time he tries. It isn't like the fiddle or piano, where a *technique* must

be acquired first. The man must have the *technique* in him. I myself conducted for the first time at a series of concerts"—I don't remember whether Mr. Mottl said Vienna or Prague, and my notes don't help—"and then was appointed to Karlsruhe. But, granted that the conductor has the gift, he cannot have too much experience, of any sort he can get."

"Well then, my next question is: Did you learn much in your younger days from seeing others conduct? I mean, a young pianist can learn a great deal from hearing Rubinstein or Paderewski play. In the same way did you learn much from the older conductors?"

"No," said Mr. Mottl, rather emphatically. "I don't think there is much to learn in that way. Of course one may get help from listening to the conceptions of other men; but the *technique* of conducting is so simple, and each man's is so different from every other man's, that to watch other people is not of so very much use."

He had evidently made up his mind so firmly on that question, that, however much I wished to draw an opposite opinion from Mr. Mottl, I saw it was impossible. So I changed the subject.

"Will you tell me what kind of music you best like to conduct?"

"All sorts," Mr. Mottl replied, "as long as it's good."

"Well, but you have your preferences. Which amongst the composers are your favourites?"

"Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner."

"But if you had only one more work to conduct before you died, which one would you choose?"

"*Tristan and Isolde*!"

It came forth clearly and unmistakably; and then he went on to say why he would choose that work—the number of different styles of playing it required, the difficulty of doing it at all, and so on.

The talk then went on to our English players, and Mr. Mottl expressed the views I had heard from his lips before, and which I have mentioned above. Naturally we went from that to the question of pitch. Here Mr. Mottl was decided.

"I am of opinion that the English pitch is ridiculously high. All the Continental nations have got rid of the high pitch, and I hope you will soon, too. It tears the voices, it takes the tone out of the string and wind instruments, and it isn't what the composers thought of."

"Closely connected with the rising pitch," I said, "is the rising pace; don't you think many conductors are taking everything much too fast?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mottl, "I do. But pace depends upon the size of the orchestra. If you take one movement, say the slow movement from the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, you may have to play it in very different *tempi* with different bands. With a big band you can do it slowly and broadly, letting the strings sing out, and the great mass of tone make its effects; whereas with a bijou orchestra it would be thin and ineffective that way, and you would have to take it faster. Then the mood you are in must be taken into account. You must, in conducting, follow Hamlet's advice to the players—let the speech come trippingly from your tongue, as it were."

"You regard conducting as declaiming with the orchestra, then?"

"I do."

The "Eternal Feminine" Question.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO, the Italian genius who has been giving us a scientific analysis of the human tear, declares that there never has been a female genius:

all the notable women of the world have been men at heart. This, it is hardly necessary to remark, is all very well when you have a genius to account for. It may, for example, do to tell us that Georges Sand was a man at heart (and no one will dispute that much); but it is one thing to explain the presence of the divine fire, another and a very different thing to account for its absence. Now the question has before been discussed why the world is still without a female genius of the first rank—a woman who can be placed as a composer on the same level with Bach and Beethoven, with Handel and Mendelssohn. And the question is still being discussed, with various theories by way of conclusion. Let us see what are some of the latest notions on the subject.

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Musical Courier*, has a lady commissioner in Paris, and this lady commissioner has been interviewing all sorts of musical people on all sorts of subjects. The other day she got M. Marsick, professor of the violin at the Conservatoire, by the button-hole, and proceeded to pump him. First of all the professor was asked to deliver himself upon the eternal question, Are the English a musical nation? And he declared that we are not—we cannot create music, we can only appreciate it. *Voilà tout!* Are we sat upon? We are! we are! But this is not all. It seems that we must tie ourselves to the Conservatoire, and there to M. Marsick, if we would play the violin aright. Listen to this gigantic egotist: "Violin pupils come here playing Vieuxtemps and Paganini, all unconscious of the fact that they have a muscle. Anatomy is the foundation of violin science." The Irishman who was sawing out dance tunes at a social gathering, and being asked whether he played by ear, replied, "No, sur; shure I play by main stringth," must have been a Marsick pupil. What an artist the violin has lost in Sandow!

But this is somewhat away from our subject, and so, hear the magniloquent Marsick once more: "Dress, vanity, adulation, beauty, most of all, sentiment, and a prenatal arrangement that they must marry, forbid women excelling in art." So! Has the professor, then, been unfortunate in his selection of lady friends? "It is a question of brains," he adds, although at first one had thought it was a question of beauty. Ah! Monsieur, says our American contemporary, step outside the Conservatoire, and you will perceive that it has been a question of prejudice, and the unreasoning domination of brute force. Do you not perceive the earth shaking with the mighty tread of a throng of women?—yes, actually, positively women. They hold either chisel, pencil, or—or violins, and they are laurel crowned. There are some who hold original musical composition; to these you have applied the words, "banal, frivolous, clumsy." The world disagrees with you, it seems; already it recognises that work distinctively feminine may be equal to work distinctively masculine in intellectual grasp and strength. Hustle, Monsieur, with the rest of us men, or you will be left in the rear!

With M. Massenet the lady commissioner was more fortunate. He is the first man whom she has heard pooh-poo the idea that women cannot compose. Of course they can compose, says he. They compose delightfully. They are quick of apprehension, and have ideas. They are nervous and disconnected, to be sure; but all the same they can write charmingly. So far good. But we are not done with M. Massenet. The suggestion that great heights are not for them, owing to the elements of the love-life, "for which alone women are destined" (remember, this is the lady commissioner), made the composer "reflective for at least two seconds." By the time the two seconds had gone, he had arrived at the conclusion that "time and training would develop them." Still the lady was not satisfied. One of the greatest charms of the French she has found to be that they know when they need not say anything! And M. Massenet has such an "oily tongue" that she does not feel at all certain as to what his ideas on the eternal feminine question would be if expressed to a man. Candid commissioner! But did it not occur to you that M. Massenet might be talking with that "oily tongue" in his cheek all the time?

Turn we now to Miss Edith Brower, who in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly* pursues through several pages of print the question, Is the musical idea masculine? Briefly, Miss Brower says it is: Bold woman that she is, she will not allow musical genius of the highest order to her sex at all. She does not think they can ever be capable of it, and she would fain throw the responsibility on the Almighty. At least that is what we make of her moral from Mozart. What, she exclaims, did the baby Mozart know when at five years he brought to his amazed father a concerto "too difficult to be played"? God whispered him something in the ear and he wrote it down. Why did not God whisper something in his sister's ear? She, too, could have written it down as easily as her brother Wolfgang. Well, we had better leave argument on these lines severely alone. We are not so daring as Miss Brower.

We have said that the lady will not allow the possession of musical genius to her sex. Who are the artists? she asks, and at once answers, Men, not women—never women. Women have not produced great music, not even remarkably good music. Of course they have written music, but nobody knows it because it is not worth knowing. And what is the reason? It certainly does not lie, says Miss Brower, in woman's non-cultivation of the art; for if there is one thing outside of household affairs the pursuit of which has been permitted to women in all ages, that thing is music. The world would say it is not for want of emotion either, but in this Miss Brower declares the world to be wrong. Much of what passes in women for true emotion is mere nervous excitability. Because they are easily moved, because they habitually judge and act by their feelings, it is assumed that as emotional beings they are the superiors of men, who rarely show feeling, but are the embodiments of reason, living by conscious deduction, induction, and cold calculating faculties. Miss Brower admits that the male at least appears to put off emotionalism when he sloughs off his petticoats, but she says that his feelings actually gather in intensity by the concealment. If they did not, "man would be an unlovable monster, which he distinctly is not." Thanks! thanks! we shake hands with you across the *Atlantic*. See the bared head and the graceful bow! But to proceed. And here Miss Brower

leaves art for a moment to consider life. How is it with love, the greatest of all emotional manifestations? Here surely woman is pre-eminent. Can she not love more and love longer than man? Is she not the very symbol of constancy? Yes, she is, and rightly. In constancy to the actual being whom she loves, no man can excel her. Yet I claim that her constancy does not arise from emotional superiority, but rather from a lesser faculty of ideality, a high degree of which faculty is necessary in the production of great artistic works, and especially of great music.

The maiden has her ideal as well as the youth, but she does not hold to it so firmly; she is ready to cast it aside for the first real man who, for one reason or another, strongly strikes her fancy. Nothing is more common than to hear from the lips of a young *fiancée*: "I never dreamed of caring for this sort of man; my ideal was something quite different." Nevertheless she gladly takes him as she finds him; sees him as he is, in all his divergences from that loved ideal, and loves him in spite of those divergences—nay, loves him the more tenderly on their very account, since a woman's truest love is always strangely mingled with pity.

The youth, on the contrary, will never admit that his sweetheart is not the woman of his dream, whom he had "never hoped to find." He has found her, and his love is assuredly no less ardent than hers. It is, indeed, often a far more spiritualized—that is, idealized—thing than hers; he loves the veiled being for what he desires and believes her to be. He demands that his wife shall be an angel; she is content that her husband shall be a man. But just because he demands so much, he is the more liable to disappointment; while she, having from the first steadfastly forced herself to see and acknowledge the actual being—her lover—has less to lose. Her ideal, feebly held, she relinquished long ago; the real man, at least, remains to her unchanged. And so it comes that the man is frequently charged with inconstancy as with a crime, when it is but the inevitable result of his strong tendency to idealization; which tendency, it goes without saying, results from his superior faculty of imagination.

And so you see Miss Brower's argument clearly. Woman, first of all, lacks the right kind and the right amount of emotional force. And music is emotion; its conception, its working out demand concentration, not of the intellect alone, but of the very forces of the soul. Woman cannot endure this double strain. Her soul movements are true, pure, lofty, but not powerful. Her emotional fires burn clearly, steadily, but their heat is insufficient. Her intellect may be finely composed and well balanced, yet fail of certain high accomplishments, because of a defect in the driving force. For emotion, not intellect, is the fire of life; it is the true creative force. Emotion keeps the intellect going; it turns the machinery that turns the world.

Then, again, woman is inferior in the imaginative faculty. She cannot soar into the region of abstract emotion, where music has its highest dwelling-place. The vast vague loneliness of that region drives her back. She is like a cat in a strange garret, or a child in the dark. She is never happy until the *terra firma* of the concrete is at least within her reach. And so, while her strong tendency toward the concrete has made it easy for her successfully to set to music simple words, such as express definite incidents or individual experiences, her instinctive shrinking from the abstract has kept her from interpreting, as in the composition of great operas,

life and passion in their broad universal aspects, and from producing great symphonies in which, in the transcendental realm of harmony, life and passion have their very essence. Such an art does not suit woman's spiritual conformation. It is too vague and formless for her; she cannot picture the hole after the pile of sand has been taken away.

The fact of this repulsion from the abstract felt by woman makes it appear highly probable to Miss Brower that, unless her nature be changed—which heaven forbid!—she will not in any future age excel in the art of musical composition. That remains to be seen. In the meantime the wonder has appeared of a nineteenth-century woman proclaiming the inequality of the sexes!

J. C. H.

Madame Helen Trust.

"I WAS born in Norwich," said Mrs. Trust, as we sat together in the pretty drawing-room of her Hampstead home; "and I received my early musical training at the Royal Academy of Music under Manuel Garcia. But although I appeared occasionally in public before my marriage, I did not take seriously to singing as a profession until after that event. The teacher under whom I have studied since, who has taught me nearly all I know, is Signor Tramenzani."

I made a note of the Signor's name; for, if one may judge of his method by the results obtained with Mrs. Trust, one would certainly recommend him as a teacher to all one's singing friends.

"I have now been before the public some six or seven years," went on Mrs. Trust. "I sang at the last Norwich Festival, and at the Birmingham Festival of the year before."

"I think you have often appeared at the Popular Concerts," I put in.

"Yes, the season before last I sang at no less than nine of the 'Pops.' Liza Lehmann was ill, so I suppose they were glad of another light soprano."

"You call yourself a light soprano?" I asked rather dubiously; for Mrs. Trust's voice, though certainly not a heavy organ, is so round and full that one scarcely associates it with the somewhat reedy sweetness of the usual light soprano.

"I don't know that I call myself a light soprano," she answered, laughing; "but I think that is how I am generally described. Yes, I have an extensive compass," she continued, in answer to a further question, "nearly three octaves, from low E to high C. I look upon old English songs as my *specialite*."

"And Grieg?" I put in.

"Yes, Grieg too, and Chaminade. I am very fond of French songs, and I think I was one of the first to sing Chaminade's compositions in England. I don't sing German very much, because I am not so much at home in that language as in French. I went on my first provincial tour this year; it was with Madame Patey's concert party, and, as you know, it came to an unfortunate end."

"Had you any idea Madame Patey was so ill?" I inquired.

"Not the least. She seemed perfectly well and in good spirits up till that night at Sheffield. But there was rather a long and steep flight of steps from the artists' room to the platform, and

I suppose that going up and down for each recital must have tried her too much."

"Then you don't think it was the encore that killed her, as some people tried to prove?"

"Oh, dear no; as if one little encore could hurt any singer. Why, she would have been rather out of spirits all the evening if she hadn't been encored."

"How did you like life on tour?" I asked.

"Very much, except for the packing and unpacking, which was incessant, as we only stopped one night in each town. I quite expected to get over my nervousness on tour; for I must tell you that I am always frightfully nervous when I first go on the platform, though nobody gives me credit for being so. My knees shake, my throat feels as if it were closing up, my tongue is parched, and I wonder what note I am going to begin upon. Sad to say, although we sang the same songs in each place, I was just as nervous at the last concert as I was at the first."

"You are nervous in good company," I remarked. "I believe neither Santley nor Lloyd have ever got over their platform fright. Were you allowed to choose your own songs? As a rule, provincial audiences are not credited with being able to appreciate anything but drawing-room ballads."

"I am glad to say I was complimented by several critics on my choice of songs, and on the 'wholesome example' I set to the rest of the party in this particular. I put down only one modern ballad, and that was Liza Lehmann's *Eulalie*. Of course the royalty system is responsible for the rubbish that is so often heard. A famous singer has been paid as much as £25 by a publisher for singing one song, and £4 or £5 is no uncommon fee. It is a very bad system."

"Do you play as well as sing?" I inquired.

"Only the piano," she replied. "Just to accompany myself. I think I like the Steinway pianos the best, though my own instrument is a Bechstein. I practise singing-exercises every day when I am at home, but it is not always possible when one is on tour, or staying with friends. I can't bear to have any one in the room with me when I am practising, because I like to do it thoroughly, and make what might be called 'horrid noises.' I have had several offers to sing in comic opera, or operetta," she continued. "The last one was for a part in the *Venetian Singer* at the Court Theatre. Though I love acting, I have never made up my mind to accept any of these offers as yet. You see I am doing very well with concerts, so I don't think you are likely to see me on the stage at present."

"Well, English operettas are not usually a very high type of music," I said. "And it must be very wearing to the voice to sing night after night, to say nothing of matinees on Saturdays."

A little talk followed about musicians and singers of the day. Mrs. Trust described the pleasure she had found in the society of Joachim, Piatti, and Miss Fanny Davies, with whom she had been associated, some little time ago, in a series of concerts in the North; and we thoroughly agreed in our admiration of Mr. Santley, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, and all artistes who put both heart and mind into their rendering of a song, and thus not only execute but re-create the composer's work.

ACCORDING to returns referring to State-aided schools in England and Wales in 1892, the staff notation was used in 2,413, and the tonic solfa in 17,503 schools. Ten years ago 18,593 schools taught singing by ear; in 1893 only 9,655. The total grant for music in 1892 was £183,480 as against £114,068 in 1884.

The Experiences of a Musical Critic.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW MUSICAL WEEKLY.

I TOOK the remainder of that day to recover, my only exertion being that of writing to the gentleman who was starting the new evening paper, to say that I had suffered a serious accident, which prevented me keeping the appointment, and as time was getting short I would call next day. I did so, and was shown into a small room occupied by a dark-haired, burly Irishman, a table, a book-case, and a bottle (half-full) of whisky.

"Glad to see you; sit down," said Mr. O'Power; "what can I do for you?"

Briefly I told him.

"Well," he said, "Nature left out the bump of Art when she made me, so I know nothing of these things. Still, I've got no musical critic, and I suppose I must have one; and by the look of you, you'll do as well for the creature as another man. Go down and see my assistant and arrange terms. By the way, what was the accident that befell you?"

A thousand times did I curse my tongue when I left his house. For I told him what had happened, when I need only have said I had been knocked down by a cab, or had got drunk—for this, I thought, as I reflected on his countenance and the whisky-bottle, would have been no great sin in his eyes. But I told him, and he looked at me and said,

"How long have you been in London? This note," pointing to the introduction, "is dated some months back."

That, too, I told him, instead of a lie; and when he proceeded to cross-examine me about my career, I went on, like an ass, telling nothing but the truth, and, worse still, nearly the whole truth. When I had finished he looked at me a couple of minutes, and then said,

"I know nothing against you, and I believe your story. And it's because I believe it that I think you the most tarnation fool I've come across in my days, and I'll have nothing to do with you. You'll bring bad luck. By jingo! I've had a narrow escape," added Mr. O'Power, mopping his brow and drinking a glass of whisky—without modifying it with water.

I saw it was useless to argue, and went home and sat down in a state of despondency past description. My money was going, and I had nothing better to look forward to than weeks or months or years in dry arches or the casual ward; and I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that a quart of prussic acid was what I needed to cure me of my bad luck, when rap! rap! sounded at the door. My landlady answered, and immediately showed in a brisk gentleman of, I should say, about thirty-five. He was clean shaved with the exception of a blue-black moustache, his hair was the same colour, his linen was spotless, his necktie a brilliant red, his clothes were the very latest thing, and, in a word, his appearance said plainly "I'm somebody."

"Excuse me," he said; "you're Mr. Francis Sample, late of the *Vulture*, I believe?"

All Niagara went down my back, about 100 degrees or more below freezing point. Here's another police-row, I thought; for it was obvious the editor of the *Vulture* had tracked me, and was going to have me up for that assault.

"Your modesty does you credit, sir," said the smart gentleman; "I can see you are the gentleman I wanted. My name is Ferdinand

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Michael Brown

Harlow M. Trust.



Handwritten signature or name, possibly "John D. Smith", with a horizontal line underneath.

Montgomery, sir. I intend to start a musical paper, and have been recommended to ask you to edit it."

Quick as lightning, as he spoke and I perceived my mistake, I determined to be a fool no longer. Hitherto I had given myself away, as the phrase is, by never concealing the fact that I was hard up and had little to do. Henceforth, thought I, I'll be the busy man. So I answered, after a few minutes' affected pondering,—

"Sir, I'm obliged to you for this offer, but I am, as you are doubtless aware," and I smiled sweetly upon Mr. Ferdinand Montgomery, "a much occupied man, and shall have to consider whether I could arrange the duties attached to the post so as not to interfere with more important work. Then the question of salary is important."

I imagined a smile flitted under Mr. Montgomery's blue-black moustache, but it was hardly noticeable, and he immediately answered gravely,—

"Sir, the salary will hardly be so large as I would wish to offer to a writer of your reputation. I might call myself a wealthy man, but at present much of my capital is tied up, leaving me less than I desire for this speculation. But I offer £300 a year."

£300 a year! My brain turned, and for at least a thousandth part of a second I had an impression that if I didn't shout that I accepted some one would be there before me. But I restrained myself, and managed to say quietly enough, that if the duties did not exceed the customary thing I thought we might come to terms, always provided the other matters I had mentioned could be arranged. In short, we came to terms, drew up an agreement, had it witnessed by my landlady and her husband, and we were to start in a month.

CHAPTER VI.

WHERE THE NEWNESS CAME IN.

I AM not ashamed to own that I had many and sundry new ideas for a weekly musical paper. It was far from my thoughts to sell my paper, my pen and myself to some College of something or another, and earn an unenviable notoriety by posing as an impartial authority, while at the same time attacking institutions in opposition to those which had bought me. On the other hand, I didn't want to have the tame and colourless paper that seems to be the inevitable result of "independence" as understood by the average editor. In a word, it was my intention to proclaim the good and howl down the bad; to be for ever rid of technicalities and talk about consecutive fifths; to have plentiful articles about the living soul and less about the dead bones of music; to treat music as an art, not as a trade. I was prepared to put my ideas into novel shape, and, generally speaking, to make things "jump."

But my proprietor also had his ideas; and I am bound to say they beat mine in point of novelty, if not of usefulness. So soon as I had laid my plans before him he calmly said,—

"That's good! your notions are capital; but, if you think you'll attract the public by them and get a ten-thousand circulation in three weeks, you're hugely mistaken. Now I want you to try my ideas first, and if they won't work, why, I'll give you a free hand to try your own afterwards. I know nothing about music, except liking some sorts when I hear 'em. When I take up a musical paper like this," taking up a violet-backed thing, "I lay it down again, sharp; and this the same, and this. Why? Because I know nothing about music, and don't understand the lingo. Now look here. I went

to what-d'y-call-um's—Richter's—concert last week, and heard Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Jolly fine: rather gives one the blues in the middle: but the end is better than no end of strong liquors. Now what does this thing say? Listen.

"The first movement was informed with *verve*, though the second *motif* was taken at an unusually slow *tempo*, and there was a tendency to *rallentando* throughout that was not pleasing. But the *tema* of the *adagio* was perfect in intonation, the *tempo* just correct, while each *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, *rallentando*, and *accelerando* was rightly indicated without undue exaggeration. We might especially praise the *portamento* during the last bars of the movement, which, as the eminent contrapuntist, Gorgonzola Gruyere, forthwith remarks, is in modern binary form?"

"Great heavens! What is a plain business man to know of these things—*motif*, *tempo*, *rallentando*, *tema*, *adagio* (I know him), *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, *accelerando*, *portamento*, *contrapuntist*, binary—why, here's a regular pauper immigration of foreign words, and no one says a word. Now other people are just like me; they like music, but they don't understand that dog-Latin, or cat-German, or whatever else it may be; and they don't buy the musical papers. You know there ain't a weekly music paper that ain't making a loss at the present day."

I didn't answer for just a moment, for I was noticing that the smartness and elegance dropped off Mr. Montgomery's speech when he began to talk fast, and showed a good solid bulk of commonness underneath. However, it had been borne in upon me before then that he was a man who had risen from the ranks, and the discovery caused me no great surprise. So I answered that what he said was quite true, unfortunately.

"Unfortunately?" said he. "No, fortunately!"

"For us," I remarked.

"Of course for us. Who the dickens else should we think of?"

"True," was my only reply.

"Now," he continued, "let's have a paper that any plain city man can understand. We'll make it the same size and shape as the *Daily News*, which is the city man's paper, and we'll fill it with the same sort of stuff, except that it must all be about music."

"I don't see how that can well be," I said.

"Oh, yes, you can," Mr. Montgomery replied.

"Look here. First page, advertisements, musical companies, etc. Second page, finance, Broadwood's turnover, Erard's profits, and so on. Then foreign news, murders, etc. Then leading articles, followed by leaderettes, and Parliamentary proceedings. Then race-course news, notices of concerts, and fill in with advertisements, servant girls (musical) wanting situations, and so on."

Argument was useless; he would have it so, "if everything in the blessed paper had to be invented," he said. So I did my best, and instead of describing what that was, I will quote samples from the various pages.

THE SIDE DRUM.

VOL. 574,267,329. No. 31. ONE PENNY.
This was his idea, of course. Then came the advs.

COMPANIES.

The MUSICAL BURGLARIES COMPANY (Limited).

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will open on TUESDAY, January 30, and close on or before THURSDAY, February 1.

The capital is £10,000,000 in shares of £1 each, of which 9,999,000 will remain in reserve, while 1,000 are issued. Payment is to be made as follows: £1 on application, which will not be returned in case of there being no allotment.

ABBREVED PROSPECTUS.

Every day the private burglar, who is devoted to musical enterprise, is more handicapped by the police, and want of capital. Dynamite, or elaborate tools, are required to force an

entrance into the repositories where many valuable Stradivarius and Guarnerius violins at present lie useless; and if the burglar try the larger piano warehouses, he requires pan-technicon vans to carry off his captures. The capital is required for these purposes; and also to bribe the police, to buy whisky to make those drunk who cannot be bribed, and to ensure a successful legal defence should any of the Company's employees meet with misfortune, as will sometimes happen.

It is unnecessary to point out that we shall be public benefactors. Precious stores of pianos, even church organs, violins, flutes, and other instruments, at present only obtainable at exorbitant prices, will be thrown into the market at popular rates. It is our intention to work the sheet-music line, and burn all the drawing-room ballads at present in vogue. Pushing young composers have thus a motive to join us.

The Managing Director is Bill Sykes, Esq.; the daylight explorer is a descendant of the late Charles Peace (famous as a musical burglar); and such eminent musicians as Sir George Grove, Sir John Stainer, and Sir Joseph Barnby will be asked whether they are willing to join the Board after allotment.

There were others of a similar sort. I shall only quote a few lines from the leading article.

We have no hesitation in affirming that the speech made last night by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is one of the greatest that has fallen even from his lips. With astonishing wealth of imagery and felicity of phrase he picked to pieces a piano/forte sonata just composed and played (in his usual colourless manner) by the leader of the opposition. Sir William Harcourt's eyes, indeed, flashed with rage as he pointed out no less than fourteen consecutive fifths and thirty-seven octaves in one page, and Mr. Balfour seemed to quail under the storm. Then sitting down to the noble Broadwood instrument, Sir William proceeded, with unsurpassable technical mastery, and tone, and touch, that no other modern statesman can pretend to equal, to show how the theme should have been dealt with, etc.

Here is some news:—

GREAT FIRE IN CLERKENWELL.

FIVE CORNETS BURNED TO DEATH.

As Constable XYZ 115 was going his rounds about two o'clock this morning, he saw a smell of burning as he neared the premises of Messrs. Blowen & Burstam, brass-instrument makers. He quickly shouted for the fire engines, which came, attended by fire-escapes, and a large crowd of five little boys who had been sleeping in a neighbouring arch. But in spite of the bravery of the firemen, who risked their lives by going out of the street and squirting a small but inconstant stream of water over the housetops, five cornets perished in the flames. An inquest will be held this afternoon.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

A street-pianist was charged at Marlborough Street this morning with playing the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* in tune, near the premises occupied by Tr-n-y C-l-l-g-e (Limited). This caused the students great inconvenience, for truthful intonation or anything else is not a characteristic of the institution in question. Fined 7s. 6d. and costs, or ten years.

Finally, a short adv. or two.

WANTED, a lady with £1,000 a year, and a good voice, and willing to marry.

WANTED a situation as housemaid by young lady (aged 19). Cannot sweep, scour, or dust; but is good pianist, and has some knowledge of choir-training.

Our paper came out; I must devote a chapter (or two) to the result.

(To be continued.)

THERE is no real anonymity in newspaper musical criticism nowadays; and so it is no breach of etiquette to announce that Mr. E. F. Jacques, editor of the *Musical Times*, has become the musical critic of the *Observer*, in succession to Mr. Henry Hersee, the father of Miss Rose Hersee. It was only a few months ago that Mr. Hersee resigned his post with the *Globe*. The veteran has been critic of the *Observer* since Mr. Dannreuther's retirement in 1871.

SHOULD the Church of England have an authorized Hymn-Book? That is a question which has long exercised the minds of the clergy. The matter having been brought formally before the Lower House of Convocation, that body has refused to sanction the proposal. Wisely so, no doubt. It is very unlikely that any authorized work would succeed in securing the almost universal adoption that has been accorded to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which is the most widely-diffused hymn-book ever known in any country. Out of 11,000 churches it is used in upwards of 8,000, while the *Hymnal Companion* is used in 1,478, and *Church Hymns* in 1,462 churches.

Mr. G. Augustus Holmes.—An Interview.

"CAN you give me some account of the origin of the London College of Music?" I asked of Mr. Holmes, when preliminary amenities were over. For so many tales of the good work done in the provinces by this institution had reached the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC office, that we felt that our readers would be interested in a true history of it; and I went down to Mr. Holmes' house at Peckham Rye to gather material, if he should prove willing. Willing he proved, and at once began:—

"For some years, up to 1886, I regularly coached pupils for the musical examinations then in vogue. These examinations were not free from defects, and although possibly doing good, were not, to my mind, sufficient to meet the requirements of the age; and in 1886 I came to the conclusion that there was plenty of room for examinations of a similar set placed upon a thoroughly systematic and progressive basis. A plan was designed, and after getting offices, we rushed into print in October, 1887, and held the first examination in December of the same year."

"What people had you with you at the start?"

"Dr. Allison, Mr. Caldicott, and myself were amongst the first examiners, and we quickly had a number of representatives in different parts of the country. At first, of course, there were not many, but they gradually increased, until now we have between 300 and 400."

"Can you tell me, before proceeding with the history of the College, how your examinations are arranged?" I asked.

"Certainly. We have, as I just remarked, a number of local centres. The candidates send in their names to the representatives of these, or to the Secretary in London; and when the time arrives, the examiners go down, the candidates come before them, judgment is passed—and that, briefly told, is all."

"Well, to continue," I said, after reflection, "what was your next step? I note, for instance, that you did not teach at first, though you now do. When was this begun?"

"We did not begin to teach," Mr. Holmes replied, "until we had been at work a twelve-month. We had no wish to teach; but people continually applied, and pressed us, and in the end we couldn't very well help ourselves. We began with this, as with the examinations, in a small way; but it has grown, until it now forms an important part of the work of the College. The teaching department was for some time under the control of Mr. Churchill Sibley, but when he was appointed to the Goldsmiths' Institute, at New Cross, he was bound down not to take part in the work of any other institution. So Mr. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., became Principal, and Dr. Karn, Vice-principal; and they certainly seem to be making the department flourish."

"Is your teaching privately done, or in class?"

"The private lessons were first—we didn't think of classes until some time after. There are, however, a large number of people who, because they are in business, or some other reason, cannot come in the day-time, and it was to suit their convenience we commenced

the evening classes. They were and are still called *Popular Evening Classes*. We circularised all the business houses, with the result that a good number came from the beginning."

"Then, what subjects do you teach in class?"

"Piano."

"Piano in class!" I interjected.

"Certainly. We don't take more than six in the instrumental classes, so that those who join are not over-run by large numbers. The duration of the lesson is, I believe, one hour; each pupil, therefore, has about ten minutes, and the others hear the teacher's criticism on the performance."

"How does it work out?"

"The results seem to be satisfactory. The number of classes seems to grow, and that, of course, is the best proof of the efficacy of the method of teaching."

"Beyond the introduction of teaching, have you made any great change in your tactics?"

"Well, early in '90 we found the work growing upon us, and especially the examining work, to such an extent that it was absolutely necessary to move somewhere to give us more room. So we crossed from No. 54 on the south side of Great Marlborough Street to No. 7 on the other side, to a building just then completed. But that was hardly a change of tactics."

"Can you give me some notion of the growth that compelled you to seek larger premises?"

"In that year, 1890, we were examining over 1,000 candidates more than in the previous year; in 1889 the number was 826 more than 1888; in 1888 378 more than 1887. In the same way we examined 1,697 more candidates in 1891 than in 1890; 1,700 more in 1892 than the previous year; and last year shows an increase of something like 2,000 over the preceding. By this you will see that each year we have had such a large increase of candidates, that at the present time there is no doubt that we are annually examining a greater number of candidates than any other musical institution in the world."

"I suppose this astonishing growth caused no little jealousy amongst envious rival bodies which were, perhaps, doing not quite so well?"

"Of course it did, in a certain clique; and we've been persistently annoyed by them ever since. The method of annoyance is this: they write a letter containing untruths to a paper, and from time to time dish it up again in other papers—no matter how old it grows, they send it round and round. Thus they hope to poison the minds of the musical profession and the public generally. They insert insulting and lying paragraphs in their own organ."

"Surely you don't mind things said in that way, and which are no doubt estimated at their true value by a sensible public?"

"Mind? We don't care a straw! I'm only telling you how they annoy us. They insert these paragraphs, and they write letters with fictitious signatures, or get their allies to write them."

"I'm not surprised," I said; "but surely the College has a sufficiently strong body of supporters to enable such unwarranted attacks to be treated with scorn."

"That is quite true," replied Mr. Holmes, "for amongst our men are fifty-six graduates of British universities (Mus. Bac., Mus. Doc., etc.), thirty Associates and Fellows of the College of Organists, eighteen Licentiates and Associates of the Royal Academy, Royal College, etc., together with a large number of untitled, but at the same time sound musicians. These men have all studied the College system thoroughly, know from experience the soundness of its

operations, and enter heartily into the work without being influenced by a malicious and deceitful enemy. We have, and have had, men of the highest integrity. For instance, the late Dr. Westbrook was universally admitted to be a first-rate musician and morally unimpeachable; and he couldn't be persuaded to leave us by any kind of bribes. He said, 'So it was with the London College of Music: as long as it kept in a small way, nobody took any trouble to oppose it, but later on, when it grew, they thought it would be a good thing to attack us.' The testimony of such a man outweighs all that has been said against us by opposition institutions which have to run papers to keep themselves alive!"

"How, then," I asked, "do you find that teachers regard your examinations?"

"Judging by results, they regard them very favourably. There are many teachers and schools that could not now very well dispense with them, for this reason: they take their pupils, and work them up systematically by our syllabus, commencing at the lower or elementary grade and proceeding right through, both in practical and theoretical music, until they become proficient. In my visits to provincial centres I have repeatedly observed that particular candidates come up in one stage after another at the successive examinations."

No comments of mine are necessary. To any of our readers who have seen the attacks on the London College I say, Compare the London College men, from both the artistic and the moral point of view, with the men who make the attacks; and if you have time call on the Secretary and see him. You will then find at once that the London College of Music is a genuine institution, and that certain editors and bank-clerks do not hesitate to perjure themselves to an almost inconceivable extent because they think there is something to be gained by it.

Musical Recitation.

FOR the last two or three years recitation to music has been slowly creeping into fashion. Bernhardt has favoured it; other actors and actresses have greeted it; reciters, after consideration, have adopted it; and now it is time for amateurs to study it. Few will care to attempt works like Mendelssohn's "Athalie," Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," and Grieg's "Bergliot." All can vary their repertory by the introduction of such dainty pieces as Greeley's "What my Lover said," Scott's "Allen-a-Dale," Thackeray's "At the Church Gate," which have all been set to music.

And recitation to music is not difficult. The words have not, as some suppose, to be fitted to the music; but the music follows the words, which are only printed over certain bars for convenience, and not to indicate that they must be spoken while those bars are being played.

It is the accompanist on whom the work devolves. He has not only to know his part, but the reciter's also, that he may follow more effectually. Then he must study to preserve an even, smooth touch, and never to indulge in forte passages, but to content himself with an occasional sforzando.

The reciter must fill up the intervals between the verses with appropriate gesture, and not as some might be tempted to do, relapse into an every-day expression.

A well-rendered musical recitation is charming. The soft strain of music lends sweetness to the voice while completing a poem which would be unsatisfactory recited without its help.

Words for Music.

CANZONET.

O COME to the wildwood
And seek the old glade
Where oft in our childhood
Together we played.
There, down by the stream, love,
The hope of my youth,
That seemed like a dream, love,
Was changed into truth.
Was I mistaken?
Must I awaken
When through the wildwood we wander to-day?

Laugh at my fear, love,
Then I shall hear, love,
Music whose magic makes doubt die away.

On deck or aloft,
When Dawn kissed the sea,
My joy was to waft
Warm kisses to thee.
The billows were gleaming,
Their white bosoms heaved,
Ah! Then thou wert dreaming
Of me, I believed.
Was I mistaken?
Must I awaken
When through the wildwood we wander to-day?

Laugh at my fear, love,
Then I shall hear, love,
Music whose magic makes doubt die away.

ALFRED CHARLES BRANT.

Music in Australia.

WHAT is your opinion of us musically, I wonder? Mr. Hamilton Clarke has, I see, been lecturing at the Imperial Institute on his colonial experience, and has certainly not flattered us. The Victorian orchestra, he says, was a fad—the new toy eagerly cried for and soon cast aside. In giving his reasons for the failure of the experiment, his modesty suppresses one—the incompetence and lack of interest shown by the conductor. With a large band of average, and even good, instrumentalists, regular rehearsals, and guaranteed salaries, much might have been done artistically, if not financially; but the renderings of the various works given at the last concerts of the season were in no way superior to those of the first. Carelessness on the part of the conductor was met by indifference on the part of the public. The last concerts, truly, were crowded—subscribers had to use up their tickets. But as the last strains of the dejected band quivered in the air, subscribers buttoned up their coats with a sigh—a sigh, not of regret, but of relief. Oh, the dreary monotony of two such concerts a week, year in year out! Thank heaven it's over! Let's go to the "Gaiety."

Since that time, the depression that had been threatening has fallen on us like a great pall. Men have no money for luxuries; it is bread, not music.

Various attempts were made to carry through concerts of chamber music. Max Klein, the Liebes, and Benno Scherek, fiddled quartettes, and fingered sonatas more or less artistically, but the pockets were still obstinately kept buttoned. So the fiddle cases were stuffed under the arm, and the pianos slammed, and the gas turned out, and silence reigned once more.

About a year and a half ago, however, the

conductor of a travelling Italian Opera Company was prevailed upon to give a series of three orchestral concerts. These were heard by good houses, but the receipts augured against a continuation of the series—the first house was the largest, the third the smallest.

A few months later Melbourne was echoing to the loud praise and still louder condemnation of the Ormond Professor of Music, G. W. L. Marshall-Hall, a musician not unknown to your readers, I believe. This pugnacious young man (he was then only thirty) had, since his arrival two years before, been vigorously upsetting our idols. He had made most impertinent remarks regarding our claims to musical culture. He had said that our conductors could not conduct, our teachers could not teach, our artists could neither play nor sing—that we were, in fact, a horde of barbarians. So determined was he that we should no longer hug ourselves in blissful self-content, that, in connection with the work of the University Extension League, he travelled to various parts of the colony delivering lectures of a particularly offensive character, which were regularly published in the *Argus* or *Age*. He had really become unbearable. "Can you conduct?" suddenly said one. "No, of course he can't," said another. "Show us what you can do yourself," said they all. The enterprising business manager, who had been drowsily slumbering since the collapse of the boom, was awakened by the din; he slowly opened one eye and saw his chance. He collected an orchestra, and bought a boxwood bâton for one and six, meanwhile, it is believed, corresponding anonymously in the press that the interest might not flag. "Here," he said, holding out the bâton, "show 'em what you can do." And then he set himself down to the peaceful anticipation of the profits. Misguided wretch! For the next three weeks peace fled his home. The eccentricities of that professor were appalling. He wanted five rehearsals, when in the memory of the oldest musician never more than two had been granted. He actually objected to the substitution of a key trombone for a second bassoon; and, to crown all, he would play the repeats.

The night of the concert came. The large hall was packed with a curious audience. The critics had their scores, and their pens and ink-horns were loaded with bitterest gall. The men who couldn't play and couldn't sing and couldn't teach were all there, and the men who couldn't conduct were there too, and they winked at each other in a most knowing manner. The conductor rapped his bâton, and, after a moment of intense silence, the great opening phrase of the "C minor" thundered through the hall. There was something of the individuality of the man here expressed, triumphant defiance. Here was he who knew what was to be done, and who did it. Of sixty undisciplined men collected from the various theatres and music-halls, he had made a great Unit, which answered to every change of emotion inspired by the work.

The concert was a success in every way. This the critics even, though with many "buts" and "notwithstanding," were forced to admit. The tone of the press changed, the young professor was occasionally patted on the back in a condescending manner, his faults were put down to his youth, he was given much good advice—which he didn't take.

During the next six months, as far as music was concerned, little was done. Then the instrumentalists themselves decided to tempt Dame Fortune. They obtained from Professor Marshall-Hall a promise to conduct, his only conditions being a free hand with regard to programmes, rehearsals, and personnel of the

orchestra. Four gentlemen were found who guaranteed preliminary expenses. Rehearsals were commenced, and thus the first of a series of three concerts was given. As before, the result was a great success. The series was continued, and concluded with a Wagner programme rendered by an orchestra of seventy-five. Our musical taste may be judged from the fact that the receipts from this concert were far ahead of all previous takings.

Encouraged by this success, two more concerts were given; then, as the hot weather was coming on, and many of the folk were leaving town for seaside or country, the performances were discontinued, the committee being re-elected, and requested to watch the interests of the players in the meanwhile, and to call the orchestra together as soon as the weather and other circumstances permitted.

Last month, March, work was again resumed, and the first concert of a new series given, again with a successful result. It is now intended (D.V.), and the public permitting, to give about eight performances during the present year.

To you, with your permanent Crystal Palace Band, and your seasons of St. James's and other concerts, this all may seem a small thing over which to rhapsodise. But here musical matters are in a different state. We have, it is true, three large and several smaller musical societies. The Philharmonic, a body of some 300 singers, gives four oratorio concerts during the year; but expenses are high and funds low, and as the orchestra is made up of amateurs, and only strengthened by professionals, the result, of course, is always unsatisfactory. The amateur may mean well, but he seldom does well. The Liedertafels, Royal Metropolitan and Melbourne, both do much work in part-songs and programmes of a rather mixed character; but they can now seldom afford the expense of an orchestra, and so are compelled to restrict themselves to the production of minor works. The Melbourne Liedertafel recently made an heroic attempt, and gave the first act of *Parsifal*, together with other works, chief amongst which was Brahms' Rhapsody for contralto-solo and chorus. The solo in this latter was splendidly rendered by Miss Ada Crossley, a young lady gifted with a wonderfully rich and powerful voice, who has just left this country for the purpose of studying in Europe.

You see then that we have few opportunities of hearing orchestral music.

Professor Marshall-Hall has had many difficulties to contend with in giving these concerts. Nearly all our instrumentalists are engaged at night in the different theatres; a few maintain themselves by teaching and outside engagements, but the great majority depend on the theatres, and so, of course, cannot accept engagements for evening concerts. This necessitates the performances being given on Saturday afternoons when the attendance is not so great as it would be were the concerts held at night. Then, again, theatre playing does not improve the musician; his tone becomes rough and coarse; the light and rubbishy character of the music does not call for good execution, his ear loses its delicacy, and he gradually drops into bad habits, musically, occasionally morally. Imagine the difficulty with players such as these of rehearsing a Beethoven Symphony or a Wagner Overture. Many rehearsals have to be held, and these are liable to interference owing to the calls made by the theatres, calls which must be obeyed under pain of fines or dismissal. Notwithstanding all these difficulties Professor Marshall-Hall has succeeded in giving really fine renderings of the different works. The secret of his success is soon apparent to

any one attending the rehearsals. The several divisions of the orchestra are called for different days: thus Monday, first violins, Tuesday, second violins, and so on. All the parts are lettered, and the points carefully marked, and the men are asked to take the music home and practise it before the first full rehearsal. So when the full band first meets every man is familiar with his work and little time is lost. If Mr. Hamilton Clarke had taken the same trouble and had given artistic renderings at his concerts, instead of merely getting through the works, he also might have been able to speak of the enthusiasm of the Melbourne public for good music. To the programmes given since the inspection of the concerts the most particular could scarcely object. The numbers have been chosen solely from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Weber and Wagner, with the exception of three of the conductor's own compositions. This is sufficient refutation to the statement that classical music, like Shakespeare, "spells ruin."

The gratuitous assistance given by Madame Elise Wiedermann, an artiste once well known in Vienna musical circles and in London in connection with the Richter German opera, and of Mr. W. A. Laver, a pianist, who studied for some time in Germany, has been in a great measure helpful to the success of the concerts.

Such cannot be said however of the gratuitous assistance of the critics. Like you, I suppose, "we have 'em bad." They attend a performance with the noble determination of not enjoying themselves. It is a mortification of the flesh, a Christian virtue which they practise to a degree that would shame a Simon Stylites.

With noses buried in scores they sit with much the same expression that the heir expectant would exhibit as he hears the will that cuts him off with a shilling. Should a bassoon however miss his cue, they brighten with a fierce joy, and next morning duly record the fact that the French Horn couldn't play his part. Of the performances of orchestras, half amateur, half professional, they write—"a fully capable orchestra"—"an orchestra that left but little room for fault-finding"; of the professional well-rehearsed band, they say—"a fairly capable orchestra." What these criticisms are really worth may be gathered from the fact that they have passed or spoken highly of a rendering of the *Eroica* with the first movement and Scherzo taken in waltz time, of *Tannhäuser* overture with the string passages in the middle taken at about half the proper rate, and the *Zauberflöte* overture beaten in four moderate beats to the bar.

Oh! but they are merry gentlemen these same critics; though if it depended on their good offices the musician would be sitting on his fiddle-case meditating on the respective merits of suicide and street-playing.

Well, I have told you a little of what is doing in this corner of the Art World. It is, as you may see, mainly the history of one man's work. In truth, at these concerts, we have for the first time been brought face to face with those carefully studied interpretations of modern works inculcated in the first place by Richard Wagner, and spread over Europe by such men as Von Bülow, Hans Richter, etc., amid the same insensate opposition.

This marks an era in the musical history of Australia.

G. G. M.

In the Back Office.

—:o:—

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—Is any one here interested in registration? (*The Cynic, Our Critic, and Our Idealist remain in silence behind their newspapers, while the Junior Clerk vainly endeavoureth to make a cigarette. Our Live Dictionary repeateth his conundrum.*)

THE CYNIC.—Now don't be impertinent. You are perfectly well aware that the only people interested in registration are those who are pushing it, holding Conferences and what not. We have nothing to make out of it (*retireth behind his paper*).

OUR L. DICT.—Well, I'm sorry none of you went to the meeting. (*Perceiveth the Cynic's retirement, and petulantly speaketh*). Does no man here care for the burning subject of the day?

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—I do.

OUR LIVE DICT.—I said man.

THE CYNIC (*throwing down his paper*).—I don't know whether I come up to your definition of a man, but I took sufficient interest in "the burning subject" to attend the Conference.

OUR LIVE DICT.—That's better! What did you see?

THE CYNIC.—See? Well, now, when I come to think of it, I saw Sir John Stainer, Dr. Bridge, and about fifty National Schoolmasters!

OUR LIVE DICT.—Surely there were some musicians there!

THE CYNIC.—No. There were about two dozen musical doctors, but, of course, I don't count them.

OUR LIVE DICT.—Oh, well, if you're flippant—

THE CYNIC.—Never was more serious in my life. Don't think, however, the meeting was.

OUR LIVE DICT.—Was what?

THE CYNIC.—Serious. It was splendid fun to see the country National schoolmasters worshipping T. L. Southgate.

OUR LIVE DICT.—I wish to goodness you would talk rationally about the matter. Who's T. L. Southgate, that you should mention him? Now, I'm strongly in favour of registration. Don't you think it would be a fine thing if we got all the incompetents out of music?

THE CYNIC.—Don't you think it would be a fine thing if we got—say the millenium? Excuse me: I am flippant. Let's be serious by all means. How is registration to give us this—say, instalment of the millenium?

OUR LIVE DICT.—Well, every teacher will have to pass an examination.

THE CYNIC.—And the examiners will be—?

OUR LIVE DICT.—They'll be appointed by—well, I don't know who by.

THE CYNIC.—I'll tell you. They will be appointed by the organisers of the—I almost said swindle, but I meant scheme, of course. And they'll appoint each other; and we'll be examined by Mr. McNaught and by Mr. Cummings. Fancy a self-respecting teacher submitting to be examined by such—

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Now, order! And, meantime, business will be continued as usual by the sixpence-a-lesson young lady!

THE CYNIC.—You're right, my child! (*Silence. Our Critic layeth down his paper in disgust, and looks a whole Communion Service at the Dictionary, who is oblivious.*)

OUR LIVE DICT.—It seems to me you're in too big a hurry to condemn registration. Something is badly needed.

OUR CRITIC.—Now, you've hit it—something is needed—needed very badly; unfortunately, it's something you'll never get from the registration clique—it is disinterested artistic enthusiasm, and there's not an artist amongst them! They're pork butchers who've gone into music! If they had stuck to their trade they would know that no law could be passed which would give some College of Pork Butchers the right to rob every pork butcher of a part of his earnings in the shape of fees. Oh! fees, fees, fees, what things are done in thy name—which, however, is never publicly mentioned!

OUR LIVE DICT.—Come, come, none of your high-falutin'—let us stick to the practical question. For instance, it might give us some clue to the value of the thing if we knew why Sir George Grove, Dr. Mackenzie, and Joseph Barnby are against it.

OUR CRITIC.—After our last month's conversation you should be ashamed to talk that way. As a critic I regard the five people who signed the "protest" as nonentities.

THE CYNIC.—Still, Sir Joseph Barnby was not amongst them, and if you are putting the case before the public, it's useful to be able to say that the principals of our three leading teaching institutions of the kingdom are dead against registration. Dr. Stanford is against it. But the other side has—T. L. Southgate!

OUR CRITIC.—Has he brought with him his friend, the rising young composer, I. Pagliacci?

OUR LIVE DICT.—That reminds me: is the report in *Musical News* correct?

THE CYNIC.—Half of it high-class fiction, and the other half badly reported!

* * *

OUR LIVE DICT. (*dubiously*).—You had an M.P. at the Conference. What did he say?

THE CYNIC.—We had a perky young gentleman named Sidebotham there, and he was said to be an M.P., but I didn't believe it—"infants in arms not admitted without their nurses," don't you know—but it turns out he is M.P. after all. The House of Commons does lots of foolish things, and admitting him into their august assembly seems one of them.

OUR LIVE DICT.—Never mind that. What did he say?

THE CYNIC (*slowly*).—He said (and it's not surprising that *Musical News* didn't report it) that he was hopeful about registration. Such a scheme, he continued, might be expected to receive consideration of the House of Commons in—about twenty years' time!

OUR LIVE DICT.—Oh!

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE VERDI, the composer of *Falstaff*, has now returned to his quiet and beautiful villa of Sant Agata, near his birthplace at Busseto, which he has owned ever since 1849, when it was only a modest little farm. Though the great composer is now an octogenarian, he is as hale and hearty in mind and body as many boys. His parents were very poor people, but in 1813 they bought an old piano for little Giuseppe, who exhibited the most remarkable fondness and talent for music. Very soon he had knocked the instrument to pieces by his constant practising, and he journeyed to Busseto to seek assistance in repairing it. This piano is still extant, and bears the following inscription, which tells the story of the result of his appeal: "This action was repaired and recovered by me, Stefano Cavaletti, and I added the pedal as a present, and did the repairs gratuitously; the zeal displayed by young Giuseppe Verdi to learn to play delighted me so much that I could not ask for remuneration."

Our Quartette Party.

(Continued from page 111.)

Of course our friends were determined to finish the Beethoven quartet before going on to Father Haydn, even Miss Violin did not object to that. From the double bar to the last bar of the third stave of page 41 the music is chiefly repetitions of phrases that have been previously heard; and then commences a truly difficult passage. It is a *pianissimo*; the tone must be veiled, thin, and not husky; the execution must be sharp and crisp—those demisemiquavers being especially distinct; and the tune must neither drag nor hurry. None of these things are so easy to achieve satisfactorily as might be thought. Our party have not played a couple of bars before Viola stops.

"Look here, Violin," he says, "you're making a glorious *crescendo* here:—

Violin.



Viola.

and what's the result. Why, to be heard, I must make a *crescendo*, and Cello must follow, or the balance of tone will be entirely lost. Then, when Miss Violin enters, she must start *fortissimo*. Now the passage is marked *sempre pianissimo*, and I vote that we stick to it until we get to the *crescendo* further on."

"You're right," replies Mr. Violin; "I did it on instinct; in a passage like that one always feels inclined to follow nature's impulse to get louder as one goes up; but I see that this is one of the cases where one has to direct one's force to holding in, instead of 'letting out.'"

"It's a lovely passage—well played," says Viola. "It reminds me of that whispering minor part of the slow movement of the fifth symphony: the 'holding in' you mention seems to suggest latent electric power!"

"Come on; let's get finished," cuts in Miss Violin. So they go through it, and then through it again, and many times more; for it is undoubtedly the hardest part of the movement. As for the remainder, I have already described it, for the repetition is much the same as the first statement of the themes.

"You will note," says Violin I., "that this *Adagio* must be played very slowly indeed; and each note must be sung and lovingly dwelt on; and this for two reasons: first, that without that treatment the theme is nothing at all; and second, because afterwards it is varied, the long notes being given to first one, then another instrument, while the others have florid scale and arpeggio passages. I remember hearing this murdered at the Pops, simply because the players would not linger on each quaver. Consequently there was no singing quality—although Beethoven has marked the movement *Adagio Cantabile*—the middle *Allegro* did not make the effect by contrast that it should, and then when the elaborate bravura passages came they were a mere muddled rush. Let us try to do better than that."

"And then we'll ask Mr. Chappell to engage us in place of the present party?" asks 'Cello, rather sarcastically; but Violin answers not: his pet aversion is the flippant quartet-playing at the Pops, and he is afraid of becoming libellous, as he generally does when speaking on the subject.

They start broadly, gravely, each part singing softly; and it must be that Violin plays those demisemiquaver runs as they should be played: with a thin and clear tone. Those are the only difficulties that occur until the *Allegro*. Even here the music is easy to respectable players. The only hard thing is to keep a sense of busy, tripping movement, and yet dwelling, ever so slightly, on the second of each group of semiquavers. At the end of this section they make a *rallentando*, and thus give 'Cello time to make his *crescendo* descending passage tell. The rest of the movement presents difficulties that one can hardly write about. These rapid arpeggios, for instance, are difficult to play, and only hard practice will overcome the difficulty. But I may note that all our party were agreed that the time must be freely played with—a liberal use of the *rubato* must be made. Then, whenever approaching a cadence (see last bar, 1st stave, page 51), there must, of course, be a very marked *ritard*. Otherwise you land on the tonic chord with a thud, so to speak, that almost breaks your neck. It will be noted that passages which were previously given out in solid cords, were then marked loud; how when broken up into arpeggios, they are marked soft. The fact is Beethoven did not want them absolutely clear, each note being distinctly heard: he wanted an effect analogous to that which would be produced if the same passages were played softly on the piano, with the sustaining pedal down. Quartet players must therefore not only play them *piano* and absolutely *legato*; but before they succeed in making them sound well they must all be thoroughly in touch with each other, so that their tones seem to blend. That blending of tone is, when one analyses it carefully, simply the result of the players trying to produce tones that resemble their neighbours'. At first each has his marked individuality; but only when each has in a way suppressed that, and learnt to play so that a scale passage might be divided between 'cello and viola, viola and second violin, second violin and first, without the listeners knowing where one left off and the other began—only then will be a party on the road to become good quartet players. In quartet-playing, as in conversation, we must meet the persons we are sharing the thing with at least half-way.

(To be continued.)

The Literature of Music.

THE Wagner literature steadily increases, no doubt much to the mortification of the *Times* critic, who declared the other day that the recent "outburst of Wagner programmes" was anything but creditable to those concerned. A little pamphlet by S. Fraser Harris (now how is the reviewer to know the sex of the author?) comes to us from Messrs. Paterson, of Dundee, bearing the title of "The Story of Richard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* for general readers." The general reader is an important individual in these days, and we must all study more or less to please him. Whether he wants to know the story of *Tristan* is another matter; but if he does, he could not do better than read it in these pages. There is one thing quite certain: he will get at the story more clearly by reading it than by trying to follow it from the pit stalls. And he will enjoy it too. *Tristan and Isolde* belong to that long line of lovers made classical by the names of Romeo

and Juliet, Faust and Margaret, and other amorous couples. "As long as the world is as it is," says our author, "no subject will interest the public so much as one devoted to love. It has riveted numbers, and will continue to do so as long as the gentle passion claims one and another for its own." We admit the soft impeachment, and we further agree with our author in saying that so long as a love story is told as beautifully as *Tristan and Isolde*, so long will it be good for us to contemplate such histories. Of course the writer has an unbounded belief in the hero of Bayreuth. Read: "Once you take an interest in the great master and his works, that interest will develop into an admiration, and the admiration into love. There are few composers whose works are so replete with new ideas. Their melody is great, their harmony is great, their instrumentation is great, and the stories themselves are surpassingly interesting." Well, it is all a matter of opinion, of course. There is a Wagner mania, just as there was a Mendelssohn mania. Let us wait for a few centuries, and we shall then be able to determine whether Wagner is a leviathan or only a very little fish.

In spite of the number of works that have already appeared on the art of singing, Mr. Edwin Holland, one of the staff of the R.A.M., thinks the subject is "still susceptible of more special treatment than it has heretofore received." And so we have Mr. Holland's *Method of Voice Production* (Cocks & Co.). It requires an expert with all the confidence of belief in his own system to pronounce upon the method of another expert; and the present reviewer lays no claim to that pedantic dogmatism which enables the professor of one method to say of the professor of another method, "You are entirely wrong; you are an ass." As a matter of fact, the reviewer finds Mr. Holland most interesting in his "Introductory Remarks." He, Mr. Holland, begins by combating the absurd notion that we are deteriorating in the art of singing. He suggests two causes for the prevalence of the notion. In the first place there is the tendency on the part of critics to ignore the great difference between the character of the works performed nowadays and those of a quarter of a century ago. The Italian was then the prevailing school of opera, with its simple, well-defined time, and beautiful smoothly-flowing melodies, which any artist who was fortunate enough to possess a good ear and voice, together with a fair share of dramatic instinct, could easily learn to interpret; whereas the intricacies of harmony and the difficulties of the intervals in modern works present far more formidable obstacles. Then, again, the standard of musical knowledge possessed by audiences now is undeniably higher than it was at the earlier period. Of course, Mr. Holland does not say that the highest possible standard of merit has been attained, but none the less he maintains that the improvement in English voices is real and general. We are glad to find him protesting against the further absurd idea that students can get better instruction by going abroad. "I have," he remarks, "no hesitation in saying that we have quite as good masters in London at the present time as can be found anywhere, if, indeed, they are not better, and it is an incontrovertible fact that many singers, after a prolonged course of study abroad, place themselves under *finishing* masters after their return to this country." With regard to the technical part of Mr. Holland's book, we can confidently recommend it to every earnest student of the voice. The exercises and explanations are admirable and abundant, and the manual has the distinct advantage of treating each class of voice by itself.

Professor Niecks on a National School of Music for Scotland.

PROFESSOR NIECKS, the holder of the Reid Chair of Music in Edinburgh University, has been talking to a *Scottish Leader* interviewer about his work, about the founder of his professorship, and about a wonderful project he has in hand for a School of Music in the Scottish capital. Professor Niecks, as most of our readers are aware, is a German. The circumstance caused no little heart-burning in certain circles when the Professor, out of a considerable number of English candidates, was chosen for his present post; but Herr Niecks has amply proved his capacity for the duties of his office, and has besides made himself far more popular with the profession in Edinburgh than ever his predecessor, Sir Herbert Oakeley, was. We had intended interviewing him for *THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*; but while we were sharpening our pencils, behold! the newspaper man had the Professor by the button-hole. And so we must c'en bow to the newspaper man.

Well, the Professor has for some time been credited with the desire to form in Edinburgh a School of Music on a scale not markedly inferior to the Conservatoriums of the Continent. Has he any actual progress to report towards that desirable end? Unfortunately very little, he says. There have been some meetings on the question, and a committee of gentlemen have undertaken to draw up a report; but that report is still waited for. It is a scheme at which many people shake their heads, but Professor Niecks cannot believe it to be wholly a dream. He is convinced, at any rate, that any such School of Music must be outside the University—not an annexe of the music chair. On that point, he declares, there is no dubiety. "It is not," he says, "properly the business of a University to teach young persons how to play the piano or violin: musical art is one thing, the technique of an instrument another. Besides, the whole question has been considered by the Commissioners, and definitely rejected. No: what we want in Edinburgh is the equivalent, say, of the London Royal Academy of Music, in which the best tuition obtainable should, within the compass of one organisation, be at the service of those aiming at the musical profession or at a serious study of the art. I hope I shall be credited with disinterestedness in pressing my ideas, because the existence of a fully equipped Music School, independent of the University, would not help to build up the special interests of the Chair. It would either throw further unremunerative work on the Professor of Music, or lessen the chances of growth in his classes. But I believe it would be of enormous benefit to Edinburgh and to Scotland."

Of course the first question on everybody's lips is, Will such an institution pay? In answer to this question Professor Niecks says: "I frankly admit that it could not well be made self-supporting. No such institution that I know of does pay its way. In Austria the schools of music receive grants from the State, from the province, and from the city; and there are usually enough of rich and generous persons to provide scholarships. If I do not

mistake, the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music in London are subsidised to the extent of £500 each out of State funds; and a sum is also granted by Government to the similar institution in Dublin. Why should Scotland not be equally treated? Surely if the scheme were taken up vigorously, the Government—a Government, too, so largely composed of Scotsmen—could not refuse to Edinburgh what is given to the other capitals. Then in these days of equivalent grants and other local distributions of money, it ought to be possible to capture a moderate sum for a scheme so well-approved as this. The County Councils, moreover, might very well vote some money for scholarships to students coming from the various counties."

Professor Niecks is emphatically against making a "modest beginning" and trusting to natural growth.

"We do not want years of struggle, and in all likelihood ultimate failure. Let us start off on a scale of some magnitude, adequately financed. I want to see a scheme on paper, approved by a strong committee and authorised by a public meeting. With this scheme we should then go to the Treasury, to the Lord Provosts of the principal cities and to the County Councils. We should also make an appeal to private beneficence. Why should it not succeed? There are sons and daughters of Scottish families going every year to London or the Continent for the pursuit of their instrumental or vocal studies. The capital of Scotland ought to be able to provide for them."

Answering the objection that such an institution would tend to destroy private teaching, the Professor says he does not take that view at all. Such is not the effect of a Conservatorium elsewhere. Free libraries have not destroyed but helped the book trade. Build up for Edinburgh such a reputation as Leipzig had, and all the musical interests of the city will benefit.

This scheme of Professor Niecks' is certainly entirely a patriotic one, and we hope to see it succeed. No doubt it will be put on practical lines by-and-by, when we may have something to say as to its details. Meantime the report of the committee is awaited. When that is forthcoming, it is intended to submit the whole matter to an influential public meeting in Edinburgh; and if Edinburgh has any fitting sense of Scotland's musical needs, it will surely see to securing the means towards supplying those needs.

With regard to the Chair of Music, Professor Niecks' ideal is to have "a complete school of the theory of music" in the University—theory consisting mainly, of course, of harmony, counterpoint, composition, and orchestration. It is, he remarks, "beyond the power of one man to follow so great a subject thoroughly into all its branches. Yet if our work is not fairly comprehensive and exhaustive, can it be said to come up to the worthiest academic standard? I know the matter is premature, but for myself I have no intention of remaining content to work for ever on the present, necessarily limited, lines. I should like a rearrangement of subjects and the appointment of an assistant professor or professors, so as to permit of a deep furrow being driven into soil that is now little more than scratched. We must, however, first see our present resources put to a fuller use. The thing really is in the hands of the public. If the present classes were more largely taken advantage of—if our classes developed in the University, development of the teaching staff would follow as a matter of course, and much that now exists as an ideal would come to speedy realisation. The Music

Chair, like other institutions, has to justify its existence, and no help can properly be asked from the University Court until it can be shown that our demand has a genuine public backing."

Beethoven Festival at Bonn.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WHY are you going to Bonn?" was a question addressed to me by an old friend on the day of my departure.

He evidently expected to hear that I was attracted by some novelty. True, the distance from London to Bonn is not so very great, and, with a short railway-run to Harwich, a night's rest in one of the splendid boats which run between Harwich and the Hook of Holland, and a few hours' railway on to Bonn, the journey is very comfortable, and does not seem a bit long; but still, even for the most attractive journey, there must be some motive. With a look of astonishment my friend learnt that the festival programme merely included the nine symphonies of Beethoven. He is an enthusiastic admirer of these works, but it seemed to him strange that one should go to Germany to hear symphonies which are constantly played, and well played, in London. But that festival was one of the most pleasant experiences of my life, and from conversation with many who were present, I found that others shared that feeling.

Man is influenced by his surroundings, and there certainly could be no more fitting place to listen to Beethoven's symphonies than Bonn, with its birth-house and other houses connected with the composer, among which especially the Breuning house in the Münsterplatz, where, during his youth, he spent so many pleasant hours; with its narrow, old-fashioned streets, through which he wandered; and with its Beethoven monument, erected in 1846, principally through the generosity of Franz Liszt. Beethoven's symphonies are not connected with Bonn, were not even written there; yet in this quiet quaint town, one listens to them with special interest and reverence. To lay too much stress on the surroundings would perhaps expose one to the charge of sentimentality; but the quietness of the town renders it as favourable for Beethoven's music as the secluded Baireuth for the music-dramas of Wagner.

Several Beethoven Festivals have already been held in Bonn. There was the famous one in connection with the unveiling of the monument, August 11, 1845, when Dr. Louis Spohr conducted the Choral Symphony, and Liszt the C minor Symphony and the Finale of *Fidelio*; the latter also played the E-flat concerto, and afterwards spoke of it as one of his best performances. A second festival was planned a quarter of a century later to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Beethoven's birth; the war, however, interfered with the scheme, which was only realized in 1871. The Choral, 3rd and 5th Symphonies, the *Missa Solennis*, the Violin Concerto (with Joachim as interpreter), and other orchestral and chamber works, were included in the programmes. Then nineteen years later (May 11-15, 1890) there was a Chamber-Music Festival, under Joachim's direction, and a similar one in 1893 to commemorate the opening of the Beethoven-Haus. The festival just brought to a successful close was held from May 4-6,

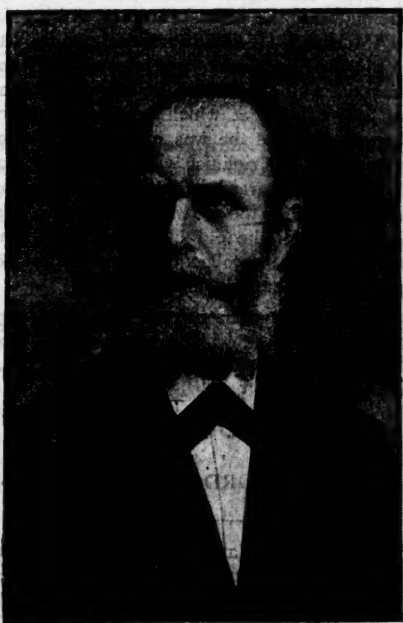
under the direction of Professor Dr. Franz Wüllner. This distinguished son of the philologist, Director of the Gymnasium at Düsseldorf, has for many years been held in high esteem as an orchestral conductor; and as director of the Cologne Conservatoire, and conductor of the famous "Gürzenich" Orchestra in that city, he more than maintains his past reputation. At Bonn he had with him that "Gürzenich" Orchestra. Professor Wüllner, in addition to his natural gifts, enjoyed the advantage of studying music for many years under A. Schindler, the friend and biographer of Beethoven. Many statements made by Schindler have been queried; but if not always quite correct, his intentions were honest, and he certainly knew very much about Beethoven's music, and about its meaning, and the mode in which it should be interpreted. Professor Wüllner looks back with great satisfaction to his long intercourse with Schindler; he did not receive merely indirect hints as to the reading of Beethoven's music, but the master delighted to dwell on the subject, and the pupil was no less eager to listen.

The concerts were held in the commodious Beethoven Hall; the performances commenced each evening at six o'clock, and each programme consisted of three symphonies in, of course, chronological order. Every properly trained musician knows that Beethoven in his first and even second symphony was well within what, for convenience' sake, are called the Haydn-Mozart lines, but that his genius gradually developed, so that in the ninth we have nobler thoughts, deeper feelings, with a corresponding change in the mode of utterance. This unfolding, this dioramic survey of the master's symphonic work, without anything else—even of Beethoven's—to distract the attention, brought home to one the reality of that development in a most striking manner. And while the same master mind could be traced in all the symphonies, there were some most impressive contrasts, as, for instance, the *Eroica* heard immediately after the first two symphonies, or the soft beauty and delicate colouring of the greater part of the *Pastoral* after the tragic gloom of the C minor. (It would be curious to learn how often these two works have thus appeared in juxtaposition, or even in the same programme, since the concert given under the direction of Beethoven at the *Theater an der Wien*, December 22, 1808, when, curiously enough, they were given in reversed order, the *Pastoral* being marked as No. 5, the C minor as No. 6.) The difference between the first and ninth symphony is, indeed, immense, but that difference was the result of long reflection and experience; from the time of the production of No. 1 (April 2, 1800) to that of the Ninth (May 7, 1824) represents a period of just over twenty-four years, and not only that, but twenty-four of the best years of the composer's life.

In the Festival programme-book there were many interesting comments, extracts from various articles and letters, etc. It contained also extracts from notices of the works at the time of their production. More than one paper found the *Eroica* terribly long, while the Finale of that work was described as "bizarre." The enthusiastic notice of the C minor in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of July 10, 1810, written by Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann, would well bear translating into English. The writer fully acknowledges the great merits of Haydn and Mozart, but declares that in Beethoven's instrumental music, a vast, nay unmeasurable, empire is opened to us. In connection with the Ninth, the famous—or, one might say, infamous—notice of the *Harmonicon*

was inserted. The writer concluded thus:—"The friends who advised him (Beethoven) to publish this absurd piece are certainly the cruellest enemies of his fame." But, it must be remembered, this was written in the year 1828. Not many weeks ago, in enlightened Germany, a writer in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* spoke of the work as "great, but horrible."

To describe in detail the performance of the nine symphonies under Professor Wüllner's direction would be difficult; mere words would give but little meaning. There are some things which cannot be described, just as in music there are certain effects which cannot be indicated by signs, but which are left to the intelligence and taste of the performer, or, in the case of an orchestra, to the conductor. Professor Wüllner learnt to know Beethoven's music from a man who not only felt that it had a poetical basis, but in many cases knew the particular basis on which the musical structure was reared. Beethoven must have told Schindler many things, not in stiff, formal style, but as the result of friendly intercourse, and these were handed down in a similar manner to his pupil. It was a great privilege to study under such a



man, but that privilege was duly appreciated. With an ordinary pupil such an opportunity would have been of little avail, but Franz Wüllner was a gifted youth, and his whole artistic career, and the present high position which he holds as director of the Cologne Conservatoire, prove that he has turned his gifts to the best advantage. Professor Wüllner's reading of the Beethoven symphonies is in many ways remarkable. Too much attention to the letter is detrimental to the spirit of music, and this, of course, is likely to happen when the latter is sought through the former; but Professor Wüllner caught the spirit almost from the lips of the composer himself, and thus the careful details of phrasing, of light and shade, of tempo, as means towards an end, only served to render the tone-pictures more real, more vivid. In the slow movements there was repose and dignity, but without the slightest tendency to drag; this was noticeable in the "Funeral March" of the *Eroica*, and especially in the Andante of the *Pastoral*. In the fast movements there was extraordinary energy, and yet everything was so well balanced that there was never any feeling of anti-climax. It can honestly be said that there was not one feeble movement among the symphonies; on the other hand, there were some which seemed specially

impressive. The finale of No. 3 in D was the first and third movements of No. 4 in B flat with rare crispness and admirable colouring. But in the performances of Nos. 5 and 6 Professor Wüllner reached high-water mark. The stateliness, the energy, the, at times, almost demoniacal passion of the C minor, and the charm, the picturesqueness and nobility of the *Pastoral* were revealed in most striking manner. The performance of the "Choral" was very fine. The solo vocalists were Frau Sophie Röhr-Branjin, of Mannheim; Fräulein Charlotte Huhn, of Cologne; Herr Paul Kalisch, of Berlin; and Herr Anton Siersterns, of Frankfurt, who all sang well. The soprano part is, of course, the most trying, and Frau Röhr-Branjin rendered it in a clear, expressive manner. She is about to visit London, and will sing in the same work at one of the Richter concerts; but it is to be hoped that she will be heard in music which will offer her a more grateful opportunity of displaying her voice. The chorus, consisting of the united Cologne and Bonn choral societies, sang with remarkable energy. The applause during the Festival was always enthusiastic, but at the close of the "Choral" it became almost deafening, and various tokens of honour proved to the eminent conductor how his efforts had been appreciated. I have heard many performances rendered with marvellous life and energy, and of the Beethoven symphonies, but among the most memorable I shall always count those given by Professor Wüllner and his glorious "Gürzenich" orchestra.

The social gatherings after each performance deserve mention. In London, where distances are so great, and where time is so precious, artists are always more or less in a Japanese hurry. At Bonn the gatherings, not only of artists, but also visitors, were extremely pleasant, and on Sunday, the last day of the festival, the dinner at the Lese-Gesellschaft, and the supper at the Hotel Schombardt, were specially animated. With his heavy rehearsal and concert work each day, Professor Wüllner was unable to join in any festivities until the final evening, when he was, of course, received with all honours. He made a quiet, modest, speech, saying that whatever of success had been achieved was owing not so much to him personally; he had had many advantages, more perhaps than fell to the lot of most conductors, in intercourse with eminent men, and from these he had learnt much. And then he spoke of the splendid help which he found in his faithful and efficient orchestra. It has, perhaps, not struck Professor Wüllner that to profit by intercourse with eminent men, and to preside successfully over an efficient orchestra, bespeak power of no mean order. The gentlemen of the Festival Committee worked most zealously, and it must be pleasant to them to find their efforts crowned with success. Among them were the painter Toni Avenarius, Amtsgerichtsrath Degen, Rector of the University, Dr. Kamphausen, Dr. Erich Prieger, and last, but not least, Professor Dr. Franz Wüllner.

THE fondness of musicians for their instruments is proverbial, but it is doubtful if there are any more enthusiastic collectors of valuable instruments than the violin virtuoso, Remenyi. The maestro is said to know the pedigree of every famous fiddle in the world, and if his fortune were sufficient it is probable he would buy them all up. The *San Francisco Examiner* says he carries more insurance on his violins and expresses more solicitude about them than most people do on and about their lives. His collection consists of sixty-two instruments, and the value that he places upon them would make an insurance man's hair turn grey.

Rubinstein in Leipzig.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

MUSIC circles here have been thrown into a fever of excitement owing to Rubinstein's promise to give a piano recital—for students only—in the Concert Hall of the New Gewandhaus. The date fixed was April 22. So many students and musicians in England have never heard Rubinstein (it is now eight years since he gave his Historical Recitals), that a somewhat full account may perhaps be of interest.

The following is the programme as it was played:—

Prelude and Fugue in A♭
Acrostichon, Op. 37, in F, G minor, B♭, D minor, and F
Nouvelle Mélodie, Op. 93, F♯ minor
Impromptu, Op. 93, A♭
Thème and Variations, Op. 88, G major

Suite, Op. 38 (Sarabande, Passepied, Courante, and Gavotte)
Variations, A♭, Op. 104
Valse, C minor, Op. 109
Album de Peterhof, Op. 75 (Romance, Caprice-Russe, Impromptu, Mazurka, Scherzo)
Barcarolle, A minor, Op. 45
Etudes (C♯ minor, Op. 23; E major, Op. 83; E♭—left-hand study—Op. 23)

The opening Prelude and Fugue was scrambled, but after that one number Rubinstein recovered himself. The first, third, and fifth numbers of the Acrostichon, and the Mélodie and parts of the Variations, were played with especial beauty. The Variations were simply stupendous, lasting thirty minutes in performance.

Of the second part of the programme, the Courante and Gavotte (from the suite), the Caprice Russe (most taking, being built on a short persistently recurring subject), the Scherzo (same Op. No.), and the Great E♭ Etude from Op. 23, may perhaps be singled out. Of Rubinstein and his playing what shall I say? He reminds me of some carved granite figure, worn and eaten in by time, but yet of a grandeur sufficient to excite our admiration and astonishment. After hearing him, one can appreciate the fact that he was the only real rival Liszt ever had. Truly he is a marvel. Paderewski (whom I have heard some thirty times) surpasses him, I think, in some ways; but in others, such as power, majesty, tone, and real depth of expression, does not approach him. His fortissimo is truly prodigious. Imagine three or four Paderewskis playing the Chopin Octave Etude, and you have some idea of it—and yet his pianissimo is just as wonderful. Rubinstein has several peculiarities I have never noted in any other pianist. One, for instance, is the striking of a single note *forte*, and then, as the tone dies away, to reinforce it by the same note struck so softly as to sound like the prolongation of the first tone. In one instance, a single note was struck in this manner no less than seven times, and yet it almost seemed like a long sustained diminuendo on the same note, and the effect was most charming. There are others not less interesting to pianists, a detailed description of which, however, would take too long.

Your valued contributor, Miss Reynolds, a former pupil of Rubinstein, but now with Professor Krause of this city, was just behind me at the recital, and had an appointment to play to Rubinstein at his hotel on the following day.

(I hear since that she played the two Brahms' Rhapsodies and a Chopin Ballade.) Josef Hoffmann, now a good-looking young fellow of eighteen, was in one of the front seats.

Monday, the 23rd, brought a private Soirée, "in honour of Herr Rubinstein," at the Old Gewandhaus, with the following programme:—

1. "The Songs and Requiem for Mignon," from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, for solo voices, chorus, pianoforte, and harmonium
2. Concerto in A minor, for 'cello and orchestra, played by Klenfel
3. 3 Choruses from *The Tower of Babel*, with orchestral accompaniment

Some of the Mignon Ballads are exquisite, notably the second (Häfner) and Mignon's song, "Kismet du das Land." The 'cello concerto was played by Herr Klenfel with his usual technical mastery. Then after the final three choruses came the treat of the evening. Rubinstein was persuaded to ascend the platform and play. And play he did! First, the Barcarolle in A minor (Op. 45), and then no less a work than the great Lëonora Ballade (Op. 93), in itself a feast. I leave you to imagine what the applause was. Afterwards a few enthusiasts lingered round the artists' entrance, waiting for the "Meister." He came out leaning on the arm of Fraulein Friedländer, once known in England as a concert singer. A young lady pressed on him a few lilies, at which he seemed much taken aback; and she was quickly followed by a young English violinist with more, for which he received a hearty hand-shake—much to his happiness. Then the great pianist passed under the archway of the old historic Gewandhaus, leaving only the recollection of an experience such as comes but once in a lifetime.

A "New" Composer,

MR. T. J. BORDONEL BROWN.

THE great Masses are well known to me—the stupendous works of Bach and Beethoven, the lovely things of Mozart, the merry rattle of Haydn; but so far as later works for the Roman Church are concerned, I must own to being a little out of it. But it appears that recently a school of essentially church composers have sprung up—men who, apart from their different powers, aim at something different from the great men. Their desire is to write music for the church, music which is as much in place in the church and out of place in the concert room as a stained-glass window. The difference between these works of the great composers may be put this way: that the latter are pieces of music first and Masses after, whereas it is not derogatory to the compositions of these others to say that they are masses first and pieces of music after.

Recently I have looked at several works of this class. In some it is obvious that the music has been lost in the Mass; but in others again the musician has not been pressed out of sight, with the result that a very interesting and frequently beautiful style of composition has been evolved.

One of the best exponents of this style is Mr. J. Bordonel Brown, organist of the Catholic Church of St. Nicholas, Liverpool. He was born in Dublin in 1863, and inherits his musical inclinations from his father.

"Music began to make its impression on me

when five years old; and I used to delight to be taken to St. Mary's, Sunderland, to hear the organ (especially when the organist would use the Trumpet for a 'fanfare'), and was always delighted with the singing. At the age of six my parents came to Liverpool, and I was sent to the school attached to the church where I am now organist. It will be sufficient to state that these schools were then under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and it will be at once understood that the education given in them was of a very high standard. If I was noted at school for anything, it was for my drawing and painting; but the head master predicted 'that I would make my mark in the world in whatever branch of study I should set my mind on.' I often think of these words, and strive hard to fulfil them. When eight years old I was chorister in the surpliced choir of St. Nicholas' Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, and a little later on became solo soprano, afterwards singing alto when my voice began to weaken in the upper register. It was now time to decide on my future, and my parents were determined that I should become a draughtsman or artist. The matter was decided for me by the Rev. A. J. D. Bradley, M.A., at that time organist and choir-master, known in London and elsewhere by his former connection with St. Martin's-in-the-Field, etc. His coming forward with the generous offer to provide funds for the first year of my studies caused me to make choice between a religious life and that of an organist. Part of the battle was already over for me as far as music was concerned, as I (like all the boys at present in the same choir), was able to read vocal music without any effort and could detect the slightest mistake in any of the parts. Electing to become an organist, I was placed under Dr. Crowe, then organist at Mossley Hill Church, and professor at Liverpool College. When seventeen years old, the Rev. A. Maurus—whom I count among my dearest friends—offered me the post of organist, he being then, as now, choir-master. I refused the appointment, and begged to be allowed a few more years of study, feeling myself unqualified for the position. Being, however, forced to accept, my duties began at once, and I have held the post ever since. As I began to get more at home with my organ work, I commenced the study of harmony and composition, under Dr. Röhrer, and continued with him till his death. During this time I gained much information in orchestration, though the most useful hints as to the various instruments, and their peculiar treatment, have been supplied to me by the players, whom I always find willing to assist with their advice, if one will only show himself to be in earnest. My greatest difficulty was with Gregorian music. I could find no one to teach me, and it was absolutely necessary that I should know it. When I asked my tutors for information, the one said it was 'rum stuff,' the other told me it was not worth learning. In this matter I had to depend almost entirely on books. The best lessons, however, are to be had by sitting in the Sainte Madeleine, Notre Dame, or St. Roch, Paris, where the Vespers, etc. are chanted to perfection, the organ accompaniment being independent and extempore throughout. Another source of great instruction to me has been the organ recitals of Mr. W. T. Best, whose performances I have attended on all possible occasions for many years. His resignation is a loss to many individuals as well as to the city, and his absence from the seat at the Grand Organ in St. George's Hall is always regarded by me as the loss of a lesson.

"Should any of these notes ever find place in print, I should like to put on record the great kindness, assistance and encouragement I have

ever received from the clergy of the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool."

This is Mr. Bordonel Brown's own modest account of himself. To it I may add that he holds, besides the organistship mentioned, the post of professor of organ and singing in the Catholic Blind Asylum, where he has been for about six years.

His compositions include four masses—*St. Nicholas*, *Notre Dame*, *St. Agnes*, and *Pentecost*; besides many other long pieces, anthems, and *Benediction Services*. Obviously, I cannot go through the whole of these, but I will mention the principal points about the most important of them.

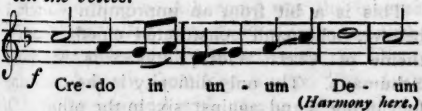
The *Pentecost Mass* is Mr. Bordonel Brown's latest work. It is scored for the usual solo voices, chorus, and strings, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, horns, and trombone. The scoring throughout is of the simplest description, but artistic and effective. There are two Kyries—one very simple for longer services, and one more elaborate and lengthy for short services. But the longer one is not really long, as Kyries go. After one instrumental bar the baritone voices of the chorus have the theme for eight bars, and are followed by the chorus; then a short duet (sixteen bars) for soprano and alto, disposes of the *Christe Eleison*, and the whole chorus entering, resumes the Kyries, and finishes very soon. This epigrammatic style is adhered to throughout. Of course the Gloria is a great deal longer, and, I may say, contains some effective part writing. The words, "*Miserere nobis*," fetch us to an Andantino section for bass solo and quartette. The *Quoniam* section has such a genuine flavour that I must quote it.



Quo-ni-am tu sol-us Sanc-tus.

The unison opening of the Credo is even finer—

All the voices.



This is powerfully worked at rather greater length than the previous numbers. The *Incarnatus* is for bass solo, but the chorus enters stormily at the *Crucifixus*—a point which ought to be exceedingly dramatic in performance. The *Sanctus*, too, is strong, while the *Benedictus* is charmingly smooth and melodious; and the *Agnus Dei*, which concludes the *Mass*, may be given the highest praise as a beautiful conception carried out with the highest degree of technical workmanship.

The scoring of the *St. Agnes Mass* is much the same, except that flutes are added. I am inclined to consider it a more picturesque work than the *Pentecost Mass*, though I am not sure that Mr. Bordonel Brown would consider that an additional recommendation. The reader will see the difference if a few of the themes are quoted.



Again, in the trio of the Gloria:—



The melody is played by the flutes, with the cello and viola an octave below, while the accompaniment is carried on by the violins, pizzicato, and clarinets and bassoons sustain softly. The effect is delicious, and as I said, picturesque.

Even the fugue theme of the "*Cum Sancto Spiritui*" is an example.



The *Incarnatus* and *Crucifixus* are both fine specimens, though in different ways, of declamatory writing. The former is for tenor solo with trio, and is purely beautiful; while the latter, a chorus, is passionate and stormy.

It would be easy to quote effectively from other numbers, but I will refrain, merely remarking that the fact that this *Mass* is in constant use in over 300 churches does not surprise me. It is marvellously effective, and yet there is nothing difficult in it. Of Mr. Bordonel Brown's other work I will only mention a singularly beautiful *Benediction Service*, for solo voices, chorus, harp, and organ; and an *Ave Verum* for baritone solo and chorus. These are all hopeful works, and, after a careful study of them, I am compelled to say that Mr. Bordonel Brown is destined to take the very first place in the class of composers to which he belongs.

It may be added that the *Pentecost Mass*, the *Benediction Service*, and the *Ave Verum*, are published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, Great Marlborough Street, London; and the *St. Agnes Mass*, by the London Music Publishing Co., same address.

The Registration Farce.

OUR readers will not expect us to bore them with any long account of the Conference held on Thursday, April 26, at 12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Registration is now dead, though doubtless many violent efforts will be made to galvanise it that it may look alive; and we need not trouble to do more than briefly indicate the proceedings.

In the first place, the meeting was "packed." This we must insist on most emphatically. It would seem that the plan adopted was to send out invitations to all who were known to be in favour of Registration, and to leave those who

were against it, or whose views were unknown, severely alone. Thus so eminent a teacher as Mr. Geaussen, Principal and part-proprietor of Hampstead Conservatoire, declared that he had not been asked to attend the Conference, and had to ask to be allowed to come. We could cite numberless other cases. As it was, the attendance was probably not more than eighty, and certainly under a hundred; and members of the College of Organists and persons interested in Trinity College were there in considerable force.

Sir John Stainer's introductory address was the best part of the proceedings. He merely asserted that something was needed to keep down the incompetent teacher, and he thought that registration could do harm and might do some good for the next generation. Letters were then read from Sir Joseph Barnby (who said "that any scheme with the benefit of the profession as its aim would receive his 'support.'") He is strongly opposed to the resolutions passed at the Conference; from Sir George Grove and Dr. Mackenzie, who were both against registration; and from Sir Arthur Sullivan and some unknown persons who wrote in much the same strain as Sir Joseph Barnby. A series of wrangles then took place; for the majority of the persons present seemed to be young men from the country, who thought it their bounden duty to interrupt any speaker who did not support the various resolutions before the meeting. There were several dramatic incidents. Thus, Mr. Sidebotham tried the gravity of the meeting to the utmost by his reference to "Dr. McNaught," and sundry other infelicities. After the meeting had rejected Mr. Caldicott's very reasonable proposal to add the London College of Music to the list of institutions represented on the committee appointed to draw up a registration scheme, Mr. Runciman mildly remarked that "after such a disgraceful exhibition of bias"—but got no further for some minutes, so great was the uproar. Finally the three resolutions which the young country gentlemen had come to pass—it really is not worth while giving them—were carried, and the meeting terminated.

It may be worth while giving the names of the principal musicians who, taking any part in the discussion, are for or against registration.

Against.	For.
Sir George Grove.	Dr. Bridge.
Sir Joseph Barnby.	The Office-boy of the
Dr. Mackenzie.	<i>Musical News</i> .
Dr. Villiers Stanford.	

Sir John Stainer's present views are not known, but it is said he has changed them since the meeting, and even then he was not strongly in favour.

A SEQUEL.

In a letter signed "X.Y.Z.," in *Musical News*, the following statement occurs:—"I think the spectacle of Mr. Runciman affording an amusing object-lesson of the 'dunno where he are' type, floundering over 'The question is, Mr. Chairman,—the question is,—the question is,' interrupted by the witty and impatient Gresham Professor with 'The question, Sir John, is one of time and ventilation for us, and not of drifting and registration, and the laughter which extinguished this strange personage, was the funniest episode of the proceedings." Owing to his other occupations the proof-reader probably had not time to get in inverted commas after the word registration. We give the paragraph as it stands.

Mr. Runciman wrote as follows to Dr. Turpin and Mr. T. L. Southgate, editors of *Musical News*:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Will you kindly inform the

particular member of your staff who wrote the letter signed 'X.Y.Z.' in your issue of May 5, that I am delighted with his flattering account of my extinction at the hands of the 'witty and impatient Gresham Professor.' I appreciate 'X.Y.Z.' both as a descriptive and a creative artist, for the incident did not occur.

"JOHN F. RUNCIMAN."

To that he received the following reply:—

"DEAR SIR,—I sat near Dr. Bridge, and noticed the 'incident.' I can only suppose that your attention was so closely absorbed in settling (*sic*) the knotty 'question' that the episode escaped you; sorry you missed the joke.

"Yours faithfully,

"THE EDITOR."

This seems to show that "The Editor" and "X.Y.Z." are the same person. Now, *Musical Notes* has two editors, and we are anxious to know whether it is Dr. Turpin or Mr. T. L. Southgate who (1) invents lies about his opponents, and casts them in the form of bogus letters, and (2) cannot spell. Can any of our readers help us?

A Chat about Instruction Books.

WHAT a pregnant subject! What a glorious opportunity such a topic affords for asserting one's special fancies and proclaiming one's pet prejudices!

"I have used Mr. So-and-So's Primer for many years, and can bear testimony to its value as a text-book of the Art," etc., etc.

That is the sort of thing the subject of this little paper seems to suggest, and possibly the offer of a substantial fee from some enterprising author might have tempted even me to try my hand at what I believe is now known as a "paragraph puff." In the absence, however, of such a bait, I am prompted to make a few remarks on Instruction Books in general, and shall not be surprised if I find myself drifting into a censorious rather than an approbative mood.

I read some time ago an interesting article in an educational journal, in the course of which the writer thus expressed himself: "Once, alas! the school-book was as faithful a companion as a shepherd's dog. The teacher taught; the school-book was an unpretending and useful collection of declensions, principal parts, and exercises 'subject to approval.' It was, as it were, an armour-bearer to the warrior who eloquently fought against ignorance, and 'let daylight through' a class. Or, again, it was as pages, bearing the train of a peer—helpful in the triumph, necessary, but without honour. A certain mutual trustfulness and affection grew, and sometimes grew to romantic proportions, between the teacher and his hand-book. But, alas! these pleasant idylls are becoming rarer; the text-book, once so faithful, rises against its master. It is an age of selfish insubordination, and the very inanimate paper intrigues, usurps, and betrays."

If this is true about text-books generally, how especially true is it with respect to the rapidly multiplying works published on the subject of music! The Instruction Book, which used to be such an unambitious, such a simple affair, is setting up on its own account, and the temptation to the indolent and the incapable teacher to let it do his work is, in many cases, too great to be withstood. The piano student is left to unravel the mysteries of *technique* by the help of the ubiquitous "Instructor"; the young

vocalist is referred to the diagrams and elaborate scientific dissertations of the "Primer," to discover the "method of production"; but the oral teaching that can alone avail is heard no more.

Our very little ones are left to the guidance of this newly constituted teacher, and for their special benefit it adorns itself with stories and illustrations, supposed to take the place of mothers' and sisters' explanations. I recently met with one of these toy music-books, entitled *The Octave Family*, which presumed to instruct children in the rudiments of the art by means of a description of the doings of a family of rabbits! Let me quote a few lines. Mr. Rabbit they called Mr. Semibreve, as he was fond of taking long Rests. Mrs. Rabbit they called Mrs. Minim, as she only took half the time to Rest. The oldest of the little rabbits was a very crotchety fellow. The next had a funny little Quaver in his voice. The two next were called Semiquaver and Demisemiquaver. The next one was named Semidemisemiquaver; but because he wouldn't eat anything, and got smaller every day, his mother called him the Diminished Seventh. The baby was called Demisemidemisemiquaver; but because he was so unlike the rest of the family, and was Presto, his mother called him a False Relation."

And so it goes on. I don't know much about rabbits, and although I have my doubts about it, I am not in a position to deny that a baby rabbit may be *Presto*. Still I make bold to affirm that, however true this story may be to life, no child will ever learn music from it.

Then there are the various "Kindergarten" systems, published to satisfy the whims of the authors, and to catch the eye of the young teacher who is looking out for something easy for the little pupils. To learn music by means of sticks, balls, and such like, is said to be "play"; to study the notes and the staves as they actually are is called "work." Herein, say the apostles of the new method, lies the difference. Well, if I could meet with any person who had acquired a knowledge of music without work,—real, honest work,—I might be tempted to give "Kindergarten" a trial; but my experience has been, what the experience of every teacher must be, that the "road to learning" is not smooth enough to "play" upon, but is a hard, stony road, and hilly to boot, along which the traveller, young or old, must walk carefully, seriously, and oftentimes wearily.

Books may teach too much, and when they do, they should be avoided as dangerous. Take the difficult subject of violin-playing, for instance. What pupil has ever learnt the true way of handling the bow, or the art of producing a beautiful tone, from a book? Read as many pages of printed matter as you will, there is still always something to be cleared away, something which obscures the light, and leaves you groping in doubt and difficulty. But let some one show you once "how it is done," and the darkness is dispelled, the whole matter is made plain. Example triumphs where precept had failed.

Let us, by all means, have the "Tutor," or "Primer," or whatever it may be called, made as attractive as possible. Let it contain the most exhaustive exercises, the best pieces, clothed in the most pleasing garb; but let the teacher teach these, let his explanations, his examples, adapted as they should be to the mind of the learner, give life to what, without them, must be nothing but dry bones.

WALTER BARNETT.

THE famous violoncellist, Herr Hollman, is a great favourite with the Empress Frederick, who often sends for him to play to her. He is always willing to lend his talents to aid a de-

serving charity, but there is one thing which he will not stand, and that is chatter while he is playing. He will frown terribly, even at peeresses, unless silence is observed; and on one occasion, while he was playing a duet with Johannes Wolff, the violinist, he was heard to say severely, "These people can't hold their tongues!" When the annoyance becomes too great for endurance, he will often, even at very smart receptions, hold up a big hand, and cry out, "Hush!"

MISS FLORENCE CHRISTIE, who has made a successful *début* at the "Pops," studied singing at the London Academy of Music under Mr. Manuel Garcia.

How to Practise.

"MY KINGDOM."

THIS song should be commenced *quasi-parlante*, and gradually become more sustained and *cantabile* as it proceeds.

From "No crown I crave," it should be very *legato*, special care being taken of the breathing. The second verse is the same, as the first, with the exception of the ending.

"CHRISTMAS IN THE CONVENT."

Sing the first three staves *legato* and softly; but when you come to the words, "Down thro' the channel," slip into a half-recitative style, returning to a *cantabile tempo* at the change to common time. The latter portion of the song should be sung very broadly, with the fullest and richest tones in your voice.

SCHUBERT'S TRIO.

We give a number of pieces for little hands this month. First is this little piece from a Minuet and Trio of Schubert. The difficulty is to make the melody sing, while the upper F \sharp rings softly like a bell. Then, after the double-bar, you must carefully practise jumping from the low B to the upper chords. The latter portion is much the same as the first. For an explanation of the sign of the *mordente* (M), see our Pianoforte Tutor.

IMPROMPTU.

This is a bit from an impromptu which, I believe, Schumann constructed chiefly from a theme of Clara Wieck, afterwards Madame Schumann. The only difficulty is the counting four in one hand against six in the other. Of course you must do nothing of the sort. Count a slow two to the bar; then, afterwards, when you get three quavers against two, count it in semiquavers. Thus:

Right hand, 12 | 3 4 | 56

Left hand, 1 2 3 | 4 5 6.

The strokes show where the notes occur. Of course, when the first note of a right-hand group is dotted, the second will occur on the fourth semiquaver. In the bass, of course, you must count three semiquavers (reckoning them triplets) to each quaver.

LIEBLINGSPLÄTZCHEN.

This fragment is useful as a study in expressive playing. Note the peculiar phrasing in the first, third, and fifth bars; and in the third bar of the second stave take care to get the notes detached by lifting the finger after each.

LÄNDLICHES LIED.

Play the first eight bars with right hand alone, firmly and clearly, but softly; then bring in the bass, and make the tone about as loud again. After the double bar make the melody in the treble sing, and play the left hand part crisply, with a little extra accent on the notes which form the true bass, namely, those that have tails turned down.

Ancient Musical Instruments.

IV.—THE SYRINX, OR PANDEAN PIPE.

"A pipe composed of reeds of lessening height,
By wax conjoined the greater to the less."

—Tibullus.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

OWING to the absence of existing representations in ancient sculptures and paintings, only a certain number of the instruments mentioned by classical writers can be identified with certainty. This, alone, renders the subject of ancient musical instruments a difficult one to deal with; and as Mr. W. Chappell says, some even of the ancients, who undertook to describe these instruments, were not musically qualified for the task. "This was especially the case with Athenæus, to whom we are, nevertheless, more indebted than to any other writer, for having collected together a large number of extracts concerning musical instruments."

In the present paper we shall consider the Syrinx, an instrument regarding which neither Burney, Chappell, nor Carl Engel have much to say. It was the earliest form of a compound wind instrument, probably an improvement on the single reed pipe, and undoubtedly the precursor of the organ. Ctesibus of Alexandria, who, according to Athenæus, was the inventor of the *hydraulis* or hydraulic organ, and who lived about B.C. 250, evidently took the idea of his water-organ from the Syrinx. The latter should be classed with the most ancient of instruments. It is probably the *ugab* of the Hebrews, mentioned in the Old Testament, and rendered "organ" in the Revised Version. It is now, says Engel, so universally disused, that it would be easier to name the countries in which it is not to be found than those in which it is common. It is seldom seen, except in the hands of the Punch and Judy showman.

The Syrinx is known by several names, such as "Pandura," "Pan's pipe," "Panpipe," "Pandean pipe," and "Mouth organ." Pan, the Greek sylvan deity, is supposed to be its inventor. But from whence was the name Syrinx derived, or for what reason was it applied? Syrinx, according to the old mythology, was a nymph of Arcadia in the train of Diana, daughter of the river Ladon. Pan became enamoured of her, and attempted to offer her violence, but she escaped and fled to her father, who changed her into a reed, called "syrinx" by the Greeks. Pan, observing that the reeds, when agitated by the wind, emitted a pleasing sound, made himself a pipe with one of those into which his favourite nymph had been changed, and upon this pipe he is often represented as playing in pictures and sculptures, such as on the ancient Greek sculpture, representing the nursing of

Jupiter, in the Guistiniani Palace at Rome. In consequence of the myth that Pan was the inventor of the Syrinx, it came to be called the "Pandura." This name was only assigned to it by comparatively late writers, such as Isidore of Seville. The more ancient Pandura or Pandoura was a stringed instrument.

The Syrinx was the appropriate musical instrument of the Arcadian and other Grecian shepherds, and was regarded by them as the invention of Pan, their tutelary god, who was sometimes heard playing upon it, as they imagined, on Mount Mænalus. It is similarly attributed to Faunus. It was one of Nebuchadnezzar's musical instruments, according to the Septuagint version of the Book of Daniel. The instrument soon began to be used in an allegorical sense by the early fathers. Thus Gregory Nazianzen, after describing the anxiety of a shepherd, who, mounted on an eminence, fills the air with the melancholy strains of his Pandean pipe, recommends the spiritual pastor to follow his example, to try to win souls to God by persuasion rather than by force, to use the pipe rather than the staff.

The Pandean pipe was of the highest antiquity amongst the Greeks. The Grecian Syrinx had from three to nine tubes, but seven was the usual number. When the Roman poets had occasion to mention the Syrinx, they called it the *fistula*. It was also variously named, according to the materials of which it was made—cane, reed or hemlock. The Syrinx was formed of a combination of short pieces of reed of graduated length (so as to produce a musical scale), and the pieces were joined together by waxed threads, and tuned to a scale either by cutting down the reeds exactly to the note, or filling the ends with wax. There was a Syrinx composed of eight hollow reeds, but seven as we have said was the more usual number. Sometimes, however, nine stems were admitted, giving an equal number of notes, and the Rev. E. Trollope says the tubes vary in number from seven to eleven. It would not be necessary in all cases to stop the ends of the tubes with wax, for the reeds or canes were often cut just below the joint. At any rate they were all stopped-pipes, just like those of the "stopped diapason" of the organ.

As regards the sounding of the Syrinx, it cannot be classified with any other ancient pipes, because all others had the wind blown

wholly or partially through them. In this instrument, the wind passes in and out of the same aperture, and the breath directed against the inner edge of the top of the reed causes it to sound. The wind going into one of the closed tubes, has to make a double motion, twice the length of the tube, the tone produced thus being an octave higher than that of an open tube of the same length and diameter. Thus, in the organ of the present day, although both the "stopped diapason" and the "open diapason" produce tones of the same pitch, yet the former, a set of closed pipes, requires tubes only half the length of the latter.

Theocritus tells us of another form of Syrinx, which, however, was rarely used. In this form the pipes were arranged in a curve, adapted to the form of the lip, instead of in a plane. To Theocritus we are also indebted for a poem, under the title of "The Syrinx." It consists of twenty lines, in ten pairs of gradually decreasing length, like the pipes of the instrument. Each of the last pair is composed of a single word of four syllables. From the ten pairs of lines in this poem, it may be inferred that, at the time it was written, or in the earlier part of the third century before Christ, the Syrinx had ordinarily ten pipes or reeds. However, according to sculptures of later date seven or eight reeds was the more usual number.

As to the use of the Syrinx, there is little to say. The ancients always considered the Pan's pipe as a rustic instrument, chiefly used by husbandmen and those who tended flocks and herds. It was used by the Lydians in going to battle, and probably also to regulate the dance.

The Pandean pipe appears to have been used a good deal in early English times, and in the 9th and 10th centuries, we find it consisted of a number of tubes tied together very like the Pandean pipe still in use. In the Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, there is a specimen depicted in an 11th century manuscript, with the tubes inserted into a bowl-shaped box.

The illustration, Fig. 1, is taken from a bas-relief in the collection at Appuldurcombe in the Isle of Wight. There we see Pan reclining at the entrance of the cave which was dedicated to him in the Acropolis at Athens. In his left hand he holds a Syrinx with seven reeds and two transverse bands, and in his right hand the rhython or drinking-horn. The drawing of a Syrinx, Fig. 2, is from a painting found at Herculaneum.

There is a rather modern specimen in South Kensington Museum, from Roumania. It is of painted wood, containing twenty-five tubes, arranged in a curve. It therefore differs from most others in respect of shape, the tubes being arranged in a curve instead of in a straight line.

The Syrinx is mentioned in connection with Cook's Voyages. He found it at the Friendly Islands, some with eight tubes, and others with nine and ten tubes. Some of the tubes were of the same length, and no Pandean pipes were seen that gave more than six notes. The natives seemed unable to play any music that was distinguishable to our ears. The *fistula panis* of the island of New Amsterdam in the South Seas, is made of canes cut below the joints, and consequently of stopped pipes. Dr. Burney says he received an Arabian instrument of a similar kind from Aleppo, the tubes of which were all stopped at the ends with wax.

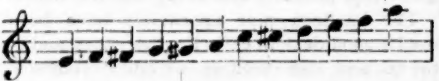
The Syrinx was well-known to the American Indians before the discovery of the Western Hemisphere. The Peruvians called it the "*huayra-pukura*" ("Huayra" means "air"). This instrument was sometimes made of cane,

sometimes of stone. Embroidery was occasionally attached to it for ornament. One specimen that has been disinterred is decorated with twelve symbols resembling Maltese crosses. The cross being a figure to suggest itself very naturally, it is not surprising that the American Indians should use it in designs before they came in contact with Christians.

The illustration, Fig. 3, is a Huayra-puhura of the Inca Peruvians in the British Museum, found in a tomb at Arica. It consists of fourteen reed pipes of a brownish colour, tied together in two rows, by means of thread, so as to form a double set of seven reeds. Both rows are of nearly the same dimensions, and are placed side by side. The shortest tube is 3 inches in length, whilst the longest is 6½ inches. Octaves are produced in this way: one row of the tubes is open at the bottom, and the other set closed. This Huayra-puhura gives the following notes, arranged as will be seen according to the pentatonic scale:—



The French General Paroissien procured a Huayra-puhura made of a greenish stone, which was found placed over a corpse in a Peruvian tomb. It contains eight pipes, and its height is 5½ inches, its width 6½ inches. Four of the tubes have small lateral finger-holes, which, when closed, lower the pitch a semitone. These holes are on the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 7th tubes. The other tubes have unalterable tones. The following notation therefore exhibits all the tones producible on the instrument:—



What could have induced the Peruvians to adopt such a peculiar series of intervals? Mr. Carl Engel suggests an answer. He says, "If—as appears not improbable—the Peruvians considered those tones which are produced by closing the lateral holes, as additional intervals only, a variety of scales, or kinds of *modes*, may have been contrived by the admission of one or other of these tones among the essential ones. At any rate, to conjecture from some remarks of Garcilasso de la Vega, and other historians, the Peruvians appear to have used different orders of intervals for different kinds of tunes, in a way similar to what we find to be the case with certain Asiatic nations."

As in numberless instances in ancient Pagan Art, the Syrinx is the regular accompaniment of the shepherd, so the Good Shepherd is, in Christian art, often represented with a pipe of seven reeds or straws. Sometimes He is holding it in His hand, sometimes it hangs on His arm, or at His side, suspended by a strap over the shoulder. The Syrinx is frequently found figured upon ancient monuments. Ordinarily it is placed in the hands of fauns and satyrs, the followers of Pan; but it is sometimes also the accompaniment of rustics. It is occasionally found on the earlier Christian monuments as an emblem of our holy faith.

HAROLD ST. GEORGE GRAY.

Anton Rubinstein and the Biblical Opera.

—:O:—

THE report that Anton Rubinstein is now engaged on a new sacred opera, to be called *Christus*, will surprise no one, as the celebrated musician has more than once

declared his intention of setting the whole of the Bible to music. He has devoted more attention to Biblical opera than any other composer, past or present. The dramatist and librettist Mosenthal, a short time before his death, wrote an account of his intimacy with Rubinstein, which appeared in *Ueber Land und Meer*, and the present writer cannot do better than quote part of that which refers to the subject under notice:—

"Admiration of his playing has become such an every-day matter to Rubinstein that he will hear nothing more about it, and regards this part of his labours merely as the remunerative side of his activity. His whole soul is filled with the purpose of winning merited victory as a composer. Whether he will attain this end is a question not to be answered in a word. In every style of composition he has done admirable work. Some of his songs have won fellow-citizenship with those of Schubert and Schumann; parts of his symphonies—for example, the first movement of the *Ocean*—are of eminent beauty and significance; single pieces of chamber and piano music are incomparably fine; of his operas, the *Maccabees* has won great and ever-increasing success, and yet in their totality his labours are far from having attained completeness. Side by side with what is excellent, we find much that is marked by hastiness of workmanship: with the original, the commonplace; the odd and the *bizarre*, coupled with that which touches a responsive chord in every hearer. In a word, he lacks the perfection of an artist because he fails in the power of self-criticism. Or is it the stubbornness of his opinions, his self-will as an artist, which makes him incapable of careful reflection? This is quite possible, for Rubinstein knows himself too thoroughly, and is too serious in the execution of his work not to be aware of its deficiencies. In support of this, I will mention but one of his tendencies, which is characteristic. Richard Wagner's pamphlet, *Judaism in Music*, offended Rubinstein, both as musician and Jew, so deeply, that he has stubbornly withheld himself from all recognition of that composer. Not only does he purposely refuse to recognise Wagner's positive additions to the resources of orchestration and instrumentation, and thereby suffers from his own choice—as, for instance, in the instrumentation of his *Maccabees*, which, devoid of all polyphony, moves along in pedantic style, like a piano accompaniment set to instruments,—but he has also, in the choice of his subjects, kept the music of Judaism hitherto almost exclusively in view. For years he has worked only on 'Biblical operas,' which were destined for the concert hall. Beginning with the *Tower of Babel*, he intended to set to music the patriarchs,—Moses (on which subject I myself wrote him a libretto in three acts), Saul, and David, and *cum gratia in infinitum* the whole of the Old Testament. The choice of the *Maccabees* was also determined by this favourite plan. In this instance, however, the dramatic Muse sent her Nemesis to possess Rubinstein; and his subject, rich in dramatic movements, has so happily inspired him, that he has turned with all his power away from the mongrel type of Biblical operas, which are too much like an oratorio for the stage, and too much like a drama for the concert hall."

Rubinstein's remarks on the subject, contributed some years ago to Joseph Lewinsky's *Von der Coullissen*, may also be read with interest. As will be seen from the following extract, it is a protest against oratorio, and a plea for sacred opera:—

"I have in my mind a theatre, in which the most striking incidents of the two Testaments are to be performed in a manner satisfying the highest exigencies of the art. . . . The composers must, however, understand that it is not the subject matter alone which gives their work the stamp of a 'sacred opera,' but that the musical style has, to a great extent, to do it (as, for instance, broader forms of the musical pieces, more polyphony, and more elevated declamation than in secular opera). Nay, even the subject matter ought to be treated according to other laws than those obtained in the secular opera. . . . Of all existing operas with a Biblical subject, *Méhul's*

Joseph is perhaps alone suitable for the 'sacred opera.' . . . Love scenes are by no means to be considered as excluded. However, they must not be fictitious, but must exist in the subject-matter; for instance, Judith and Holofernes, Samson and Delilah, the Song of Solomon, and many others. Even ballets, in as far as they are indicated in the subject-matter, are admissible. They should, however, not resemble the modern dance rhythms, such as waltz, polka, etc., but have an Oriental colouring. Not the novelty of the subject-matter has here to interest, but the treatment of it, and the musical expression given to it. And thus it appeared to me that in the whole cultivated world, in every larger town capable of keeping up a theatre, the existence of a sacred theatre as well as a secular one was not only nothing impossible, but even something necessary, for are not oratorios everywhere in vogue? The only thing that has to be effected is a transplantation from the concert room to the theatre; in the future we shall have to represent, not to narrate."

With a view to the realization of this idea, Rubinstein some years since made proposals to, and negotiated with, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Prussian Minister of Education, Herr von Mühler, the late Dean Stanley, the Jewish community in Paris, and some American managers.

Rubinstein's first Biblical opera, *Paradise Lost*, was published in 1860, and therefore dates from a comparatively early stage of the distinguished musician's career. It was introduced into this country at a Philharmonic Society concert in June, 1881, with an English translation from the pen of Mr. Henry Hersee. The German libretto is adapted from the first, seventh, and twelfth books of Milton's poem. The first part portrays the revolt of Satan, and his expulsion from heaven with his rebel host. The second part is devoted to the Creation: light, the firmament, land, sun, moon, and stars, things animate and inanimate, and at last Adam and Eve, are called into existence. The third part assumes the fall of man: the triumph of Satan's host is followed by the lamentation of the blessed legions; and the final struggle between the two leads to Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. The text is supposed to be taken freely from the great English poet's original, and is conceived in a spirit of mixed naturalism and atheism. The distinguished German critic, A. W. Ambros, in a masterly description of the work, describes the weakness of the book and music, drawn with that felicity which generally foretells a musical treatment of at least equal merit:—

"Rubinstein found himself moved to bespeak the composition of an oratorio text founded upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*. That he thereby placed himself partly in competition with Haydn need not have disturbed him; what Haydn brings before us in his *Creation* has a radically different artistic tendency from that which Rubinstein follows in his *Verlorenes Paradies*. Besides, he does not call his work an 'Oratorio in three parts,' but a 'Sacred Opera in Three Acts.' It is singular enough that the first German opera in Hamburg, with which the theatre there was brilliantly opened in 1678, treated of the same subject; it was entitled, *The Creation, Fall, and Redemption of Man*, text by the Imperial poet, Richter, the music by Theile; the ballet by Feuilleade. So that there was something, and indeed very much, about it to be seen; whereas with Rubinstein we must content ourselves with hearing. Where we are promised 'Acts,' we may expect acting; action, if only indicated in the verbal text. But in Rubinstein's oratorio or opera libretto, things seem peculiar. The turning point of the whole, the fall through sin, does not come expressly before us; it is only depicted to us in tones (!) through the instrumental prelude of the third part or act; but the liveliest imagination, even had it inherited Heine's 'tone-picture talent,' will hardly be able to make out the apple tree, the serpent, and the 'Eritus sicut Deus' from an alter-

nation of counterfigurations and strange *fagotto* accents. The poet (if he may be called so) does not even stand upon the vantage-ground of having 'a polished language poetise and think for him.'

"In the second part (up to the moment of the creation of animals, where the composer's wings suddenly become lame), one beauty offers its hand to another; but from this praise we must except the infelicitous painting of the shrill locomotive whistle, which is intended to realize to us the height of the firmament. Satan with his blustering arias is not significantly painted, for the conflict of demons a mortal would hardly be adequate—unless he were some Handel or Beethoven, whose storm passage in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony hits what would be about the right tone here. God should not sing at all, and certainly not in the tenor. The way in which Mendelssohn has steered clear of this rock in *St. Paul*, and which is perhaps the most ingenious feature in the whole work, was not applicable here; we hear more than too many choruses without that. But when the 'Ancient of Days,' whom painters impersonate as a majestic old man with a long beard, suddenly begins to compete with Arnold von Melchthal and Raoul, we feel some slightly atheistic symptoms. In oratorio this does not seem to be the final end and purpose of the work!"

It would be difficult to say anything new after Ambros' analysis. The *Tower of Babel*, Rubinstein's second contribution to sacred opera, is essentially founded on the Scriptures, although Julius Rodenberg, the librettist, has not strictly adhered to sacred chronology. The work was one of the novelties of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts during the spring season of 1881, and, with the visit of Rubinstein himself, and the production of the composer's opera, *Il Demonio*, at Covent Garden, may be said to have formed the principal events of the time in musical circles. The English version of the libretto of the *Tower of Babel* is by the late Mr. Josiah Pittman. The absence of female characters is to be regretted from the musical point of view. Rubinstein, however, has written music for three angels, and has included the female contingent in his choruses of workers and followers of King Nimrod. The part of Nimrod is written for bass, that of Abraham for tenor, and the overseer for baritone. The scene, of course, opens on the building of the Tower of Babel, with its sheds, huts, and implements. As soon as day begins, the overseer appears, and orders the people to work. While all hands are employed, Nimrod arrives on the scene, and is greatly pleased with the progress of the tower. Abraham, however, appeals to him to abandon a design which cannot be accomplished, and the monarch, much enraged at the boldness of the shepherd, orders him to be cast into the fire. The builders hasten to obey Nimrod's commands, but Abraham is saved by a miracle. He advances towards Nimrod and his followers, who remain wonder-struck. Nimrod falls in a sort of reverie, and the two parties rush towards each other ready to fight. Nimrod strikes the brass shield, and bids the reluctant people to resume their work. The invisible angels are heard singing, "Let us destroy all their work first, and then we their language shall mix in confusion." Sudden darkness spreads around, and Abraham predicts the vengeance of Heaven. Nimrod sternly bids his subjects to throw the shepherd from the tower. Lightning and thunder. A thunderbolt falls on the tower and crashes it into pieces, and it falls to the ground. Nimrod, terrified at the destruction of the tower, rushes away in consternation. All run away excepting Abraham, who remains, kneeling in prayer. Nimrod re-enters slowly, absorbed in deep thought, and at last acknowledges that he is punished by Heaven's vengeful wrath. The next scene represents the

dispersion of the people. Choruses are sung at the back of the stage, while dissolving views present to the audience the emigration of the three great human races. In the last scene the stage is divided into three horizontal compartments. In the middle is the earth, with the scene of the preceding; on the upper, the throne of the Almighty, surrounded by all the heavenly powers; on the lower, Hell, Satan seated on his throne, surrounded by the infernal deities. The triple chorus of the heavenly hosts, mortals, and demons forms the finale of the work.

Among Rubinstein's many compositions, the *Maccabees* must certainly be placed in the first rank. It has found its way into the repertoire of nearly every opera house of importance in Germany. The composer must have felt himself at home in a composition of this kind, for there was every call in it upon the powers he abounds in. The libretto of the opera is derived from a French drama of the same name, and the librettist Mosenthal has succeeded in adapting it to the purposes of a powerful score. Like Handel's immortal oratorio *Judas Maccabeus*, Rubinstein's opera is founded on the Biblical episode, relating how Antiochus Epiphanes attempted to force the Jewish people to adopt Grecian rites. The Maccabees, a race of heroes, like the judges of old, arose. Mattathias assembled bands in the mountains, and thence fell on the Syrians. His valiant son, Judas Maccabeus, continued the warfare, defeated several Syrian armies, and entered Jerusalem in triumph. There are, however, more "characters represented" in Rubinstein's opera than in Handel's work. In the opening, the Jews and the Shimites are preparing for the annual festival, and Leah upbraids Judas, her eldest son, for neglecting the sacred cause. Judas has also brought the family into disrepute by marrying Noëmi, the daughter of a Shinite. Leah confides to Eleazar a dream, in which he appears as the king of Israel. Eleazar has scarcely received his mother's blessing, when the Syrian commander Gorgias enters, and demands, in the name of Antiochus Epiphanes, the recognition of the Grecian rites. The Syrians erect an altar in honour of Pallas Athene, but Judas rushes upon it and smashes it into fragments. The Jews and Syrians fight, and Gorgias retreats. In the second act Judas is seen at the head of his army, in pursuit of the Syrians. They are, however, surprised by the Syrians, and all the Jewish soldiers, with the single exception of their commander, are massacred. Judas escapes. Eleazar has turned a renegade, and becomes the favourite of the king. He makes love to the king's daughter, Cleopatra, who promises him that he shall be crowned king at Jerusalem. The scene then changes again to Modin. The Jews are celebrating their victories, but the joy is suddenly interrupted by the Shimites, who bring news of the defeat at Emaus. They accuse Leah of having been the cause of it, and she is seized and tied to a tree. Joachim and Benjamin are separated from their mother, to be handed over to the enemy as hostages. Leah is forsaken by all but Judas' wife Noëmi, whom she formerly hated; but her son's wife saves her, and also hastens to the Syrian camp, hoping to obtain the release of the children. In the last act, Judas is in the beleaguered city of Jerusalem, a fugitive, and despairing of an all but hopeless cause. The Jewish people, however, still believe in him as their leader, and in an impassioned appeal, he implores them to make a supreme effort to regain their former power. Noëmi finds her lost husband, and learns that Eleazar has betrayed the Jews. Judas is in arms, and vows to accomplish his sacred task. In the

next scene Antiochus is in his tent, brooding over a terrible dream. Eleazar and Cleopatra try to dispel his fears by the hope of victory; but Gorgias enters, and informs him of the refusal of the Syrians to fight against the Jews, and Leah comes in. She implores Antiochus to release her children; she offers her own life to save them, but the king is immovable. Leah recognises Eleazar, and appeals to him, but even his and Cleopatra's intercession cannot move Antiochus. They are brought in, and Leah offers to die with them. Antiochus, however, has reserved a more terrible fate for her; she shall see her children die. Eleazar repents, and wishes to share their fate, but suddenly the scene darkens, and Antiochus, learning that he is pursued by Eumenides, retreats with his army. Judas comes in victorious; but Leah dies before her son receives the crown of Israel.

Rubinstein's *Sulamith*, a Biblical stage-play in five scenes, the libretto founded on the *Song of Solomon* by Julius Rodenberg, was performed for the first time in public at the Hamburg Town Theatre, in November, 1883. The subject of the libretto is almost identical with that written by Mr. Joseph Bennett for Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, and both seem to have been composed simultaneously. Herr Rodenberg has done his best to endow the simple Biblical story with some dramatic feeling, but has protracted it to such an extent that he has failed to sustain the interest throughout. The opening takes place in the palace at Jerusalem, and Sulamith is discovered. She speaks passionately about her lover to the women, but they advise her to abandon the shepherd in favour of the king. The voice of the beloved is soon heard, and Sulamith tries to escape with her lover; but the women, hearing the approach of the king, at once prevent her. Solomon comes in, and makes love in glowing language. His suit is not successful, and the maiden falls exhausted on the divan. The king commands her not to be disturbed, and the curtain falls. The second act is laid in Lebanon at vintage time, and peasants and shepherds sing and dance. The beloved is calling for his "little dove," and the men laughingly answer with the vineyard song, "Kill we the foxes that ravage the vines." The women tell the shepherd by what means his bride was taken away, and he gives way to grief and despair. He, however, subsequently penetrates into the interior of the palace, and, after a long duet with Sulamith, escapes with her, in spite of Solomon's guards. They are soon recaptured by the watchmen, and haled to prison. In the hall of Solomon's palace dances and processions take place in honour of the king's marriage. Solomon commands the women to bring in the bride, and as they are about to obey his orders, the watchmen enter with their prisoners. The king's heart is touched at the sight of the lovers. He withdraws his pretensions, and all ends happily.

Rubinstein's latest Biblical opera, *Moses*, is in eight tableaux, or scenes, and the first four were published in 1887, and the others in 1892. The incidents of the life of Moses related in the Old Testament are more fully developed in the course of the action than in any other previous opera or oratorio on the subject. We have, in fact, practically an operatic biography of Moses. Though some objection may be raised against Rubinstein's persistent use of Biblical incidents for operatic treatment, we cannot, however, fail to commend the honesty of his motives, when we recollect the God-fearing man the celebrated musician has always proved himself to be; and notwithstanding all the severity minute criticism may urge against his productions, no one will deny that he holds a foremost place in the musical world of our time.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

Our Glee Society.

III.

AT the close of the last meeting our dear and esteemed member, Horace Slim, gave us all a most cordial invitation to meet at his comfortable quarters for the next practice—an invitation which was gladly accepted; for Slim was a very great favourite, and besides having a fund of knowledge on musical matters, especially the old English glee writers, he possessed a most interesting music library, which made Tittletop's eyes to glisten and many of our hearts to expand with envy.

Slim was a bachelor, and a trustworthy old housekeeper looked after him; he was but yet a young man, and this faithful old servant told the ladies she had been with him since he was a *babbie*.

"I 'elped to bring 'un into the world, mayhap I shall 'elp 'un out of it, for 'es not strong, bless 'un, bein' touched in the chest; but 'es a good young master, and long may 'ee remain single."

A sentiment which was not greeted with acclamation by the young ladies who were still unmarried, for Slim was a great favourite with them all, and being very well supplied with this world's goods, was, what I believe ladies whisper to each other in the innermost recesses of their boudoirs, "a good catch." But I am digressing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Tittletop, in his usual mellifluous manner, "we will with your permission begin the practice, and I believe our highly appreciated Horace Slim has got a surprise for us in the way of an old madrigal. What is it, Slim?"

"'Welcome, sweet Pleasure,' by Thomas Weelkes," piped out Horace.

"That sounds good," said Tittletop; "let's have a look at it." The copies being handed round, Tittletop remarked,—

"The sopranos will have to divide, I think. If you keep just as you are, and take three sopranos to each part, that will about balance."

For the first time of trying it over it went very well, and, as usual, a little discussion followed.

"I admit my ignorance, Slim; but although I've heard of Weelkes, I know absolutely nothing about him," said Rolling Billows.

"Well, to tell truth, there is very little known about him," said Slim, and continuing, added: "Neither the date of his birth or death seems to be recorded; but I should think his birth would be somewhere about 1570 something."

"Yes, I should think about that, Slim," said Louis Tittletop. "For the first recorded publication, according to Grove, is 1597, and that was a 'Set of Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voyces.'"

"I have seen them," said Slim. "And in the dedication they are described as 'the first fruits of my barren ground.' This, under the editorial eye of Dr. E. J. Hopkins, was reprinted in score by the Musical Antiquarian Society."

"To what school of composition did he belong, Mr. Conductor," asked Native Worth.

"To the Polyphonic, most decidedly," answered Tittletop.

"Oh, Mr. Tittletop, what's 'Polyphonic'?" asked Miss Sttam.

"It comes from two Greek words, I believe: Polys meaning many, and phōne meaning voice," answered Tittletop, and resumed,—

"Polyphony," Miss Sttam, is very often applied to unaccompanied vocal music, with a distinct melody for each voice, the various parts being bound together according to the laws of counterpoint into one harmonious whole; and

as all the parts are of equal importance, and all alike necessary for its general effect, no one part can complain of having a better one than another; it is in this equal balancing of parts that Polyphony differs from Monodia."

"I'm afraid I am ignorant in this also," continued the knowledge-seeking Miss Sttam.

"Well, Monodia is just the opposite to Polyphony," said Louis. "But let us get along with this glee, instead of spending the whole evening discussing it. Now, when you sang it before, I noticed that in the third and fourth bars the first trebles became too soft. The result was to lose the melody, which is sung by the firsts under the second trebles."

"But should the melody be marked in that way?" Miss Sttam asked.

"Well, it is just as well to fetch out all the variety of which the madrigal is capable, and to keep harping on C gets rather monotonous after a time. You see this is not a glee in which the interest lies in the constant imitations and pieces of canon; neither is the harmony of the very last interest; therefore we must, as I say, make the most of the melody."

So they tried again, and succeeded better in pleasing Louis. But after they have sung it with the expression indicated in our copy of it, he insists on the whole of the first part being sung *forte*, with a *crescendo* on the last two bars of the first stave, and afterwards a subsidence to *piano*. Then the whole section is repeated very softly, indeed, almost in a whisper. Before they proceed further, Tittletop remarks:—

"I say, Slim, strike F on the piano there."

Slim does so, and Tittletop continues:—

"I thought so; you sunk nearly half a tone during the *pianissimo*. Do you know why, ladies?"

"No," says Miss Sttam.

"Because you took far more breath than you needed for each of the two bar sections, and not enough for the last section of four bars. When singing *sotto voce*, never hamper yourselves by more breath than you need. You tire yourselves, and the next thing is you get flat. Let's try again."

They try again, and succeed very much better, though Louis has a good deal of trouble before he can get the ladies to sing the softer portions quite in tune—always a difficulty with them. Unless the part is written too high, the basses do not so easily get flat, and they help to keep the tenors right.

"How very fond these old fellows seemed to be of introducing Fal-la-la, at the end of their compositions, as at the end of this 'Welcome, Sweet Pleasure,'" remarked Miss Little.

"The old madrigalian writers used very often to introduce this burden or Fal-la-la in their writings," said Tittletop. "I don't know whether it was for the lack of words, but it certainly always seems to suggest to me that when in doubt they sang Fal-la-la. In the old ballads there is no doubt that these burdens were put in to eke out the words to the length of the required phrase, and this seems to me to suggest that the melody was written first and the words adapted after, which, according to our nineteenth century ideas and knowledge of music, was an undesirable and inartistic mode of composition."

"Hear, hear," roared Billows.

"Quite so," sang Native Worth.

"I agree with you, Louis," piped Horace Slim.

"In 1598," continued Louis, "Weelkes published a second set of ballads and madrigals, and in the dedication speaks of his years being unripened. In the two works issued in 1600 this one before us appears, and although it's a very sweet little composition it is marked by a

certain formality which almost amounts to stiffness; what do you think, Mr. Conductor?"

"You are quite right, Slim," answered Louis; "the writer of the notice of Weelkes in Grove's celebrated dictionary makes the same remark."

"I unconsciously got my remark from there, then," said honest Slim.

"But I expect, Slim," said Louis, "that what really brought Weelkes to the front was his being called upon to contribute to the celebrated *Triumphes of Oriana* the madrigal 'As Vesta was from Latmos-hill descending,'—an honour which was much coveted in those days by the celebrated writers."

"Never heard of the *Triumphes of Oriana*," said Native Worth.

"Have you not?" put in Louis.

"Do tell us," said Mrs. Worth.

"The *Triumphes of Oriana*," said Tittletop, "was a collection of madrigalian music by the celebrated Thomas Morley in praise of Queen Elizabeth,—undoubtedly one of the most important musical works of the period. It was first printed in score by William Hawes in 1815.

"There is a tale told that it was originally made with the idea of solacing Queen Bess when she was much depressed by the execution of the Earl of Essex.

"She is celebrated in every one of the madrigals it contains, under the name of Oriana.

"It contained compositions of twenty-six of the finest musicians living at that time; and as a writer in a history of music puts it, 'and the result was a matchless combination of madrigalian excellence,' which must have had a very beneficial influence on the progress of the art of music. We will now try 'Welcome, Sweet Pleasure,' for the last time."

Native Worth took another lozenge at the end of this discourse, and after a few remarks from Tittletop concerning the marks of expression they proceeded with the practice.

All went well until towards the end of the second verse, at the words—

"Joy, come, delight me,
Tho' sorrow spite me,"

when Native Worth was seen to turn blue in the face: his lozenge had stuck in his throat, and not until after he had been violently thumped in the back, and the sweet pursued its proper course, could we proceed. We all thought he would have been choked.

And then, as that wag of a Billows remarked that would have been no joke (choke).

GEO. F. GROVER.

By-and-by, we presume, every publisher and every professor will have his own "Music Course." The hard-worked reviewer has at any rate good reason to know something of the multiplicity of elementary music manuals, and his first question on seeing on his table an addition to the number must always be, Where is the necessity? Fortunately there is very little for the reviewer to say about such works. There can be no controversy over the mere elements of music; and in explanation of such things as notes, clefs, intervals, scales, time-signatures, and so on, an author cannot be expected to state anything that is new, or to indulge in any fine flights of literary style. The "Elements of Music" prepared for Messrs. Longman's *Music Course* by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, B. Mus., Assistant Master in the City of London School, is as good as most works of the kind, and better than some. It is written very fully and clearly, and the exercises added by the author will help to make it of still more practical value to the student.

The Organ World.

OUR LEADING ENGLISH ORGANISTS.

II.—MR. HENRY J. B. DART.

Let me say at once that it is not intended to produce this series with any regularity. The first, Dr. William Rea, appeared last year; others will follow this as we may think desirable.

Mr. Henry J. B. Dart is one of a younger generation than Dr. Rea. He was born in Torquay, on March 5, 1854. At the age of nine he played his first service; four years later he joined the choir at St. Luke's, Torquay; and at the age of fifteen took his first organ appointment—that of St. Michael's temporary church; and at the same time continued to play occasional week-day services at St. Luke's, where there was a fine organ by Walker. In 1873 he competed for and won the post of organist at Christ Church, Ellacombe, Torquay, and three years after he went to Trinity Church. He studied under Mr. Chas. Fowler, R.A.M., Dr. E. J. Hopkins—who was his organ-teacher—and Mr. J. F. Barnett, at the London Academy of Music, where Mr. Dart is now himself a professor of singing. In 1879 Mr. Dart came to London, and was appointed organist and choirmaster at St. John's, Waterloo, where he remained until last year, and where, up to the present, he achieved his most valuable work. This work was the series of oratorio performances which he commenced in 1881. At first they were tried on week-nights; but it being found that for one reason or another the working-classes would not attend them, the time was changed to Sunday afternoon, and this proved more successful. The audiences and performances gradually increased in numbers, until the latter were given on the third Sunday of every month, with frequent extras thrown in, and the former regularly filled the church. The following works were given there:—*Messiah* Mozart's *Requiem*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, St. Paul, *Elijah*, *Thirteenth Psalm*, *Hear my Prayer*, and *Forty-second Psalm*; Spohr's *Last Judgment*; Benedict's *St. Peter*; Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist*; Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*; Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*; besides such smaller works as a Te Deum by Dr. Reynolds; his own setting of the eighty-fourth psalm; and C. J. Hall's *Dante*. The church choir formed a nucleus for the oratorio choir; and both the solo and chorus soprano parts were chiefly sung by boys. The choir, it may be added, twice sang Doctors' exercises at London University, and several times appeared at secular concerts in Princes' Hall.

Mr. Dart's work at Waterloo came to a conclusion last autumn, his vicar of the preceding twelve years having accepted another living, and the new vicar not seeing his way to continue the work on similar lines, owing to financial difficulties. This was to be regretted; for St. John's can hardly hope to get another man who will combine, as Mr. Dart did, skill on the organ and great knowledge of choir training, with tact, patience, and enthusiasm. His mastery of the organ was proved by his recitals at the Fisheries and Inventions Exhibitions. At the latter he was organist when Schutz's "Lamentation of David," for bass voice, four trombones and organ was revived; and he filled the same place when the work was performed at the Wind Instrument Society's Concert at the Royal Academy.

In October, 1893, Mr. Dart was appointed Choirmaster at Holy Trinity, Marylebone, W.; and in January of this year he became organist

and choirmaster at St. James', the parish church of Paddington. Both of these appointments he continues, and is likely to hold.

ORGAN NOTES.

Fred W. Holloway, F.R.C.O., has been appointed organist and choirmaster to St. Paul's, Herne Hill.

Mr. E. Humphrey Jones, principal tenor of Bangor Cathedral, has been appointed, after competition, to a similar position at Exeter Cathedral. There are now two tenor vacancies at Bangor.

Mr. W. Done, who has been organist of Worcester Cathedral for the last half century, is to be made a Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Such a degree is, of course, valueless.

I have received the following intimation from the Secretary of the Crystal Palace:—

"Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, who has been organist at the Crystal Palace for the last fourteen years, has just recovered from a serious illness; the result, his medical advisers assure him, of overwork. He has therefore placed his resignation as organist in the hands of the Directors, and intends henceforth to devote himself exclusively to teaching, occasionally accepting engagements for special organ recitals. The Directors under these circumstances had no alternative but to accept, with regret, his resignation. In doing so, they expressed their high appreciation of Mr. Eyre's long and loyal service. Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock has been appointed organist and accompanist in the place of Mr. Eyre, and began his duties on Whit-Monday, May 14."

Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock, who succeeds Mr. Alfred J. Eyre as organist and accompanist at the Crystal Palace, was born in 1864, and received his first musical training from Dr. Alfred King, as a choir boy at St. Michael's Church, Brighton, where he afterwards became assistant organist. At the age of fifteen Mr. Hedgcock came to London as organist at the Church of St. Agnes, Kennington Park, then quite a new church. A few years later he became choirmaster as well as organist at this church, an appointment which he continues to hold. Mr. Hedgcock has, during the last seven years, frequently acted as Mr. Eyre's deputy at the Crystal Palace, both as organist and accompanist. As an accompanist his services have of recent years been in great request; he may indeed be justly described as one of the leading accompanists of the day, and the excellence of his organ playing is widely known, both at the Palace and elsewhere.

The second annual dinner of the "Northern" division of the College of Organists was held on Saturday, April 28, at the "Albion" Hotel, Manchester, and about thirty or forty Fellows, Associates, and Members were present. Dr. Turpin attended on behalf of the Council.

A meeting was held, very wisely before the dinner, and these resolutions were passed:—(1) That the Council of the R.C.O. be respectfully recommended by this meeting to consider the advisability of dividing the country in such a manner as to allow members of the College residing in the various sections to meet periodically, it being considered that such an arrangement would enable country members to more loyally serve and assist the Council in carrying out its objects. (2) That in the event of the suggestion in the foregoing resolution being adopted by the Council, they be requested to consider the advisability of bearing a portion of the cost of such sectional meetings. (3) That should the foregoing resolutions be adopted, it is considered advisable that the Council should be represented at such sectional meetings as often as convenient."

I sincerely trust that no readers of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* are so foolish as to belong to the College of Organists, whose handsome profits, millinery

business, and useless lecturing I had pleasure in exposing last month.

Mr. Herbert Gresham, a pupil of Mr. James Shaw, has been appointed, after competition, to the post of organist at St. Anne's Parish Church, Limehouse. The adjudicator was Mr. A. W. Gaster, F.R.C.O. It is pleasing to be able, for once, to record that a good man has won at a competition.

An organ built for the United Presbyterian Church, King Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland, by the famous firm of Walcker & Co., Ludwigsburg, Germany, was opened on May 6. On the following day, May 7, the opening recital was given by Mr. Thomas Berry, of Glasgow (Organist of the Glasgow Choral Union). Some years ago Messrs. Walcker & Co. built their first organ in this country for the Parish Church at Feliskirk, Thirsk, Yorks, which organ is greatly admired by all those who have seen and heard it. The organ at Kilmarnock is the first they have erected in Scotland. Some important organs have been built by this eminent continental firm: among the most important are those in the Riga Dom; Ulm, Munster; St. Stephen's, Vienna; Concert Hall, Boston, U.S.A.; St. Paul's, Frankfurt; St. Petri, St. Petersburg; Crystal Palace, Leipzig; and about 700 other large organs throughout Germany.

I have always been profoundly sceptical about the qualities of our "fine old English" organists, and am more so than ever after hearing the following story told by Sir John Stainer recently. It appears that old Mutlow, who was organist of Gloucester, say, sixty years ago, was one day, while out walking, accosted by a gentleman who wished to be taught the clarinet—of which, by the way, old Mutlow knew absolutely nothing. "When do you want to begin?" inquired old Mutlow. "At once." "I am very busy just at present," said old Mutlow, "but, if you can wait a fortnight, I shall be freer, and then I shall be pleased to take you in hand." Old Mutlow always prided himself that, given a fortnight for preparation, he could teach anything. An appointment was accordingly made for a fortnight hence, and the two parted. Making for the nearest pawnbroker, old Mutlow bought a second-hand clarinet, and thinking that if he tried it downstairs he might be heard by the servants, he quietly took it up to his bedroom. That night he was very sleepless and restless, while the faithful Mrs. Mutlow was peacefully sleeping by his side. He thought he would like to have a look at his clarinet, so he took it up and turned it round. How was he to put it to his mouth? He tried to blow it, but not a sound came. There must be something wrong with the instrument, he thought. "I've been taken in." He blew it a second time, but much harder. The same result. No sound whatever. He tried it once more, this time blowing it with all his might, and then the "goose" note came, and poor Mrs. Mutlow was nearly killed with fright.

Our enterprising contemporary, the *Musical Standard*, gave a drawing and account of the organ in St. James' church, Piccadilly, a week or two since. It was given by Queen Mary (the faithful spouse of William III., not the "bloody") in 1691. But it was then second-hand, having been built by Rene Harris for the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, in James the Second's time. Father Smith set it in its present place, turning the front pipes inside out to conceal the paint and show the true surface. Later some foolish persons painted them again. The organ was reconstructed, in 1852, by Bishop, and has several times since been altered and added to.

JUBAL, JUNIOR.

THE widow of Sir George Elvey has prepared a record of his life for publication shortly through Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., tracing his career from a chorister at Canterbury Cathedral to the time of his leaving Windsor. The book contains, it is said, many personal reminiscences of the well-known organist. It has been dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Cambridge, who was one of Sir George's pupils.

Correspondence.

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To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—You invite questions, and this gives me courage to inquire if one has a right to criticise people universally popular and highly respected. For instance, Rubinstein—to-day I heard his variations played by Hoffman: they were enthusiastically received and redemanded by a large audience. I alone wondered what there was to be enthusiastic about, for the effect on my ear was exactly such as I should imagine would be produced by two or three navvies throwing bricks at boiler plates. It was to me the most distressingly painful cacophony I have heard for many years. I think a very similar row might have been produced by giving two strong men each a grand piano and a sledge hammer, and offering a prize to him who could break up the piano in the shortest time. I looked round at the critics' bench, hoping to gather from their countenances some sign of pain or pleasure, but they were absent. I should think they had heard the "work" before, and abandoned their posts to save their ears! To me it appeared brutal banging of trumpery trash. But the audience generally approved it (or pretended to), for they clapped loud and long. How can one explain such a totally different effect on different people?

I am saturated with good music, am familiar with Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Berlioz. I am not a conservative, am open to new ideas and new music. I love Mascagni, Goring, Thomas, and Wagner. But rather than pay one shilling to hear this noisy, noisome nonsense, I would far prefer to pay five pounds to remain outside.

Again I ask, how do you explain the liking of the British public for Rubinstein's "Variations"?

Faithfully yours,

J. GEO. MORLEY.

[I don't think the "Variations" were redemanded—the applause was intended rather for the youthful player than the music he played. The public does not care for such music, though it did not seem to me so absolutely ugly as it was tedious, barren, and excessively lengthy.—*Critic of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.*]

THE REGISTRATION OF MUSIC TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—Those of your readers who were present at the "packed" meeting of the P.S.M., on behalf of the proposed registration scheme, must have been greatly amused at the utter ignorance of Parliamentary procedure, and the correct conduct of public meetings displayed by the supporters of the measure. In the first place, no copies of the resolutions to be moved were in the hands of the opposition until I directed the attention of Sir John Stainer to the fact. Then, during Mr. Caldicott's motion *re* the London College of Music, three gentlemen essayed to speak simultaneously, until Mr. Caldicott, in his usual dignified manner, appealed to the Chairman as to whether he was still "in possession of the meeting," and received an assurance that he was. Our thanks and sympathies are due to Mr. Runciman, who so ably joined my friend, Mr. Atkins, in protesting against voting upon a measure, the details of which we were not permitted to discuss. Mr. Runciman's description of the conduct of the meeting towards Mr. Caldicott's resolution as being "a disgraceful exhibition of bias" is too accurate an expression to be allowed to pass unnoticed. In legitimate expressions of dissent I believe in freely indulging, but can have nothing but a feeling of contempt for the tactics of an individual seated in front of me, who, directly a member of the opposition rose to speak, would turn round and with a most distressing cockney twang bawl out, "Tolue, tolue." Some speakers, in their anxiety to support the first resolution actually fell to murdering the Queen's English, enriching our beautiful language with such choice words as "Abstract" and "Airon." It is to be feared that the utterances of many of the majority have simply given the enemies of the profession an opportunity to blaspheme, and put a

handle into the hands of those who are for ever talking about the defective education of professional musicians. At any rate, should proofs be needed of the utter inability of musicians to discuss a question apart from the jealousy excited by cliques and parties, of the necessity for Government action irrespective of such cliques, or of the general inability of musicians to manage their own affairs—we have only to point to the recent meeting in Lisle Street, Leicester Square. They that seek registration should first of all show by their courtesy and good breeding that they are fit and proper persons to receive the supposed benefit.

Faithfully yours,

ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD,

Mus. Doc. T.C.T., L. Mus. L.C.M., F.R.C.O.,
TORQUAY, May 2nd, 1894.] L.T.C.L.

Berlin.

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WITH the approach of Pfingsten, or Whitsuntide, comes the close of the concert season in Berlin, although one begins to see evidences of it immediately after the Easter holidays; and from that time on the number of concerts diminish gradually until now, when nothing remains but the opera at the Royal Opera House, the summer season of opera under private management, and the numerous and excellent out-of-door concerts by the military bands, of which Berlin possesses many, all giving a very high order of music.

The Concert House orchestra gave their farewell concert April 29, and this organization will resume its usual practice of giving a series of summer concerts through the provinces.

The Philharmonic orchestra's last concert occurred on the 14th of May, and this ended the first, and in every way, successful season under the direction of Franz Mannstaedt. There will be a number of changes in this orchestra next season, the changes having taken place on May 1. Concert-meister Bram Eldering, at his last appearance with the orchestra, played the Beethoven concerto with a beautiful quality of tone and a purity of intonation which brought forth hearty and well-merited applause. He was also the recipient of a large laurel wreath in his supplement of broad ribbons, the customary German method of showing appreciation. The new concert-meister, Anton Wittek, played the Vieuxtemp Concerto, No 4, in D minor at his first appearance with the orchestra, and showed himself to be a worthy successor to a post held by many distinguished predecessors.

Kroll's Opera Establishment, which has been one of the features of summer life in Berlin for the past fifty years, is now a thing of the past, and to stranger and resident alike it will be greatly missed, for nothing could be pleasanter, during the warm summer evenings, than, between the acts of the opera, to wander through the lovely garden, with its beautiful flowers and thousands of lights, listening to the music furnished by a first-class military band. The place is open this summer as usual, but only as a pleasant place to drink beer, the concerts being merely a side issue, and not the main attraction. The former management of the opera at this place has rented the Belle Alliance Theatre, and will give its customary season of summer opera at this theatre instead of at Kroll's.

The opening opera was given on Sunday, May 6, when Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, was given. The second evening Lortzing's *Czar and Zimmermann* was produced; the third evening Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Granada*, and *Trovatore* the following evening. The great feature of this enterprise is that all the greatest singers are engaged to appear for one or two weeks, affording one an opportunity to hear the great singers from all parts of the world at a very moderate price. The opening performances were smoothly given, and each additional week will make all the parts more familiar with each other, so that the season promises to be up to the standard maintained in former years when the performances were given at Kroll's.

April 23, a concert was given at the Philharmonic for the benefit of the orchestra fund of the Philhar-

monic Orchestra, in which Prof. Dr. Joachim, Prof. Hausmann, and Prof. Barth assisted. The programme was composed entirely of Beethoven's works, and opened with the *Coriolan* overture, and closed with the *Leonore*, No. 3. The remaining numbers were Triple Concert, Op. 56, for piano, violin and 'cello; Romanze in G major, for violin; Sonate, for piano and 'cello; Op. 69, and the Romanze in F major, for violin. With the exception of the sonate for piano and 'cello, all the numbers had orchestral accompaniment. The interest of the evening was centred in the great Triple Concert, which was most beautifully played, and elicited great applause for the performers. Prof. Joachim's playing of Beethoven is so well known that no mention need be made of it; it was sufficient to fill the large Philharmonic building with an overflowing audience, which it is to be hoped helped to materially increase the fund to worthy proportions.

It is now officially announced that Richard Strauss, the director of the Weimar Opera House, is to conduct the series of ten concerts next season which the Philharmonic Orchestra gives every year.

The last concert for the season of the Stein Chorus, which was to have been given on April 30, had to be postponed on account of the sickness of one of the soloists, and now its date is fixed for early next fall. Joseph Hoffman was to have made his appearance at this concert in Rubinstein's D minor concerto, under the personal direction of the composer.

On Saturday, May 12, Mozart's *Magic Flute* was given at the Royal Opera House, in commemoration of the first 100 years since its first appearance on this stage, May 12, 1794.

An opera seldom has the honour of being given for 100 consecutive years, and it is most interesting to conjecture whether it will live another 100 years or even fifty. It may be safe to assert that the performances of fifty years hence will be attended more from an historical point of view, rather than from any real interest in the opera or music itself. And which of the many operas of to-day, which are considered successful, will live to see a century added to their working lives? With the possible exception of some of Wagner's operas, it is safe to say that there will not be one.

INSLOW.

Music in Leipzig.

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A DESCRIPTION of the recent Rubinstein excitement will be found elsewhere in our columns.

The fifth and last Liszt Verein concert of the season was given on May 7, the conductor being Weingartner, of Berlin. It opened with Liszt's *Faust* Symphony for orchestra, tenor solo, chorus and organ. Regarding the performance as an exhibition of skill in the art of conducting, it was a really astonishing effort. Weingartner is undoubtedly one of the greatest of orchestral conductors. Barring a slight tendency to be theatrical (he is young) one has little to reproach him with. The orchestra, however, is quite third-rate, and seems actually incapable of giving a pianissimo. The tenor was indifferent, and the chorus was practically not audible when the band played fortissimo. The small organ part was taken by a young English student here, Mr. Julian Clifford, but the organ was not quite in tune with the orchestra; the result, therefore, was not altogether pleasurable. Florian Zajic, from Berlin, played with a beautiful tone and intense expression the Raff suite for violin and orchestra, and an Adagio and Fugue, by Bach, for violin alone; adding the same composers well known *Louré*, from one of the violin sonatas, as an encore piece. The rest of the programme was made up of an interesting series of songs (Wanderlieder) by Alfred Reisenauer, and detached songs by Liszt, Brahms, and others, all indifferently sung. The final number was Berlioz's overture, *Carnival of Rome*, played in a noisy and vulgar manner, and an absence of refinement for which probably the band was mostly to blame.

The concert season is now practically dead, and there is nothing to record in opera but the first performance of Verdi's *Falstaff*, since repeated several times.

H. O.

Music in Bristol.

THE concerts given in Bristol during the past two months have been of an attractive nature, as will be seen from the announcements which follow. First of all, March 19 saw the final concert of the series given by Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham. The vocalists comprised Miss Ella Russell, Miss Antoinette Trebelli, Mrs. Alice Gomez, and the Meister Glee Singers, all of whom triumphed in their respective parts. The aria "Caro nome," from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and an English song, "The Reaper's Angelus," were those chosen by Miss Russell, as well as a new song, "The Dawn of Love," by Stephen Philpot. Miss Trebelli received an enthusiastic reception on her rendering of the "Jewel Song," from Gounod's *Faust*; and was equally successful in Clapisson's "Chansons à Boire." Mme. Gomez is always sure of a warm welcome, and had selected "Il Segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Von Stulzmann's "Vanika's Song"; for which latter, on being recalled, she substituted Sir A. Sullivan's "Sleep, my love, sleep." The Meister Glee Singers contributed some of their most popular pieces. The instrumental portions of the concert also deserve notice. Miss Nettie Carpenter (Mrs. Stern) being solo violin; Miss Muriel Elliott, who made her first appearance here as a pianist; and Mde. Hast, who acted as accompanist. Dvorak's "Romantische Stücke," for violin and piano, Handel's Sonata in A, a Bolero by Sarasate; and the piano solos, Chopin's Ballade in F, and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12, all afforded great satisfaction.

The third Chamber Concert, given by Miss Lock, was one of high order, and at the same time thoroughly popular. Dvorak's Quartett in E \flat (Op. 87), for piano, violin, viola, and 'cello; and Rubinstein's Quartett (Op. 17, No. 1) for two violins, viola, and 'cello, were both performed in a skilful manner. Miss Lock and Mr. Theo Carrington were associated in Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 20), for piano and violin; whilst Mr. Pavey gave a 'cello solo, a Nocturne, by Karasowski. Mrs. Harold Bernard, the vocalist, contributed Somervell's "Shepherd's Cradle Song," "The Prima Donna," by Roedel, and Tosti's "Good-bye."

The last concert of this series is to be held on May 10, when the attraction will be Dvorak's Quintett for piano and strings, repeated by desire.

The Bristol Choral Society are to be heartily congratulated on the success scored by their concert held on April 4, the result being a performance of great excellence. Brahms' "Requiem," "When Israel out of Egypt came" (114th Psalm), Mendelssohn; a new symphonic suite by P. Napier Miles, and several choruses, etc., from *Israel in Egypt*, were all rendered in a magnificent manner; the brilliance of attack by the choir, and the excellent marking of light and shade being especially noticeable. The solos in the "Requiem" were allotted to Miss Crome and Mr. Fergusson. Of Mr. Miles' work we can speak in terms of praise, there being many striking and impressive passages; although in others the writer has perhaps been carried away into a rather too elaborate form of expression.

On April 23 the Society of Instrumentalists, under the guidance of Mr. Riseley, held their annual concert, and once more gave proof of the close attention paid to their studies during the past twelve months. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, Haydn's Symphony in D, No. 5, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," comprised the instrumental features of the first part of the programme; the second half being devoted to a suite of Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, No. 2 (heard publicly here for the first time), and three dances from Edward German's *Henry VIII.* Mr. Carrington, leader of the band, gave an introduction and "Ronde Capriccioso," by Saint Saëns; whilst the vocalists were Miss Crome and Mr. Watkin Mills.

In further celebration of their jubilee, the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society journeyed to St. James's Hall, London, winning fresh encomiums on all sides. Their programme was one thoroughly representative of glee writing, delivered in a manner which the Orpheonists have made their own.

A great deal of pleasure has resulted from the visit of Mr. Arthur Rousbey's Opera Company at the Prince's Theatre. The company includes many talented artistes, and that the list of operas has been an attractive one, will be seen by the fact that this has comprised *The Bohemian Girl*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Faust*, and *I Pagliacci*.

Music in Portsmouth.

MUSICAL events of importance have been somewhat rare here lately, but an excellent concert was given by the Philharmonic Society at the Town Hall, on Thursday, April 26, under the direction of Mr. A. Williams, Mus. Bac. (Oxon.), and Bandmaster R.M.A. His band augmented the ordinary orchestra, the composite body of instrumentalists being a considerable improvement on what we are accustomed to. The work, Haydn's *Creation*, was very creditably rendered by the singing members of the Society (about 140), the earlier choruses going well together and with good swing; while the solo parts were undertaken by Miss Kate Cove (soprano), Miss Florence Stanswood (contralto), Mr. Braxton Smith (tenor), Mr. David Hughes (bass), with the utmost satisfaction. Mr. W. Monk Gould ably presided at the organ. Dr. Hackman (treas.) and Messrs. C. W. Bevis and Archard superintended the general arrangements, a crowded attendance testifying to their success.

Sir Charles and Lady Hallé attracted appreciative audiences at the Portland Hall, Southsea, on Monday, the 30th ult., opening in the afternoon with Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, and in the evening with Weber's Sonata in A flat. The persistency of the *encores* evince the hold these famed instrumentalists have on the sympathies of their audiences.

The winter series of Clarence Pier concerts came to a most successful termination on Saturday, May 5, the Pavilion being filled both afternoon and evening with overflowing audiences, to listen specially to Mme. Alice Gomez, who elicited the most enthusiastic applause. The string band of the R.M.L.I., under Mr. Geo. Miller, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.), artistically played some high-class selections, worthily maintaining the position they hold in regard to instrumental music in the district.

Mr. Geo. Miller, R.M.L.I., has been appointed one of the Examiners of Military Bandmasters in connection with the Royal Academy of Music.

M. H.

Music in Glasgow.

WITH the exception of a two weeks' visit from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, there is not much of importance to chronicle; and to enter into details regarding the performances of this company is to repeat what has happened in the principal towns of the kingdom.

The only novelty produced was the stage setting of Berlioz's *Faust*, which is well known to concert-goers here, and drew a large audience, who were not generally of one opinion regarding its merits as a stage performance.

Wagner's operas, *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin*, were well patronised, as also was the occasions on which Middle Lussan appeared in *Carmen* and *The Daughter of the Regiment*. As already remarked, there is no need to go into detail.

The Athenæum School of Music gave an Orchestral on the 19 April, the principal items being Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Cherubine's overture *Anacreon*, and E. German's Dances from the *Henry VIII.* music; vocal and instrumental solos were also given by pupils, which reflected the highest honour on the various masters. There was also a concert on the 12 May, at which the Ladies' Choir, under the direction of the Principal, Mr. Allan Macbeth, gave a good rendering of Reinecke's *Enchanted Swans*; the pupils also contributed solos for violin and piano. Needless to say the hall was crowded on both occasions.

Last, and we may say least, was two appearances of the Coster Singer, Albert Chevalier, in St. Andrew's Hall, which was crowded out at high prices, but we question his success should he venture again, as curiosity was the principal draw.

The Cathedral Paragraph Psalter.

THE proper rendering of the "psalms for the day" has always been a difficulty with organists and choirmasters. It has been said that the arts both of pointing and chanting, like other arts, if they are to be perfected, must be exercised "with brains." Unfortunately, the boy brain is often unequal to such an exercise, and so we have either a dull, mechanical precision, or an irreverent gabble which is suggestive of anything but devotion. For all that, it is the duty of church musicians to make towards perfection, and it is a healthy sign of the vitality of the English choral service that so much attention continues to be given to the chanting of the psalms by the leading men. *The Cathedral Paragraph Psalter*, just published by Messrs. Novello, is likely to lead, under proper and intelligent use, to a revolution in chanting. The two main difficulties in chanting, as is remarked in the preface, consist, first, in securing the deliberate and audible enunciation of the words which go to the recitation-note; and, second, in connecting smoothly the free recitation with the rhythmical part of the chant.

With regard to the former difficulty, in order to obviate all need of hurry in recitation, and indeed to prevent it, if possible, the words which go to the recitation-note have been divided in the new Psalter, by means of asterisks, into phrases which can reasonably be taken in one breath. At the asterisk, wherever it occurs, a slight break is made. The one stop retained in the body of the text is the comma, and that only in places where the construction of the sentence, and the expression of its meaning, require that its several divisions should be marked.

With regard to the latter difficulty, the principle which obtains in the *Cathedral Psalter*, and first put forth by the late Dr. Stephen Elvey, has been followed, viz. of interposing between the free recitation and the rhythmical part of the chant an initial bar (or, as Dr. Elvey calls it, an "imaginary" bar), which practically, however, is the first bar in the mediation or the cadence of the chant.

In the preface to the *Cathedral Psalter* the principle is set out in some detail, and illustrated by means of superimposed musical notes. In the present Psalter the application of the principle has been carried out in every verse by the same means. Of course it must be remembered that written signs in their very nature indicate but imperfectly the expressive elasticity which intelligence and feeling demand; but given this intelligence and feeling, the scheme of the new work cannot fail to produce good results. The Psalter, we should add, is edited by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck.

MR. ALFRED J. EYRE, who has been organist at the Crystal Palace for the last fourteen years, has just recovered from a serious illness, the result, it is said, of overwork. He has, therefore, placed his resignation as organist in the hands of the directors. Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock has been appointed organist and accompanist in the place of Mr. Eyre.

"Orpheus" at Hornsey.

MR. R. J. PITT, L.R.A.M., the able conductor of the Holy Innocents' Choral Society, Hornsey, did a bold stroke in presenting *Orpheus* to a suburban audience, but that he was right in doing so was fully shown by its enthusiastic reception. The chorus was well up to its work, and sang with a power of attack and expression which did full justice to the talented director. Miss May Harris was an admirable Eurydice, singing her music in a most artistic fashion, while Miss Lindsay Currie was an acceptable amore. It is paying Madame Seymour a high compliment to say that the part of Orpheus suits her to a nicety; for does not he move stocks and stones, and tame wild beasts by his vocalisation? Even so did Madame Seymour charm all who heard her by an exquisite rendering of Gluck's beautiful music. She was the part from the commencement to the end. To say this means that she displayed in her powers a very great amount of dramatic force, for what part is more full of dramatic feeling than that of Orpheus? but Madame Seymour was quite at ease in this portion of the character, and equally so in the sad, tender scene when Orpheus has broken his pledge made with the stern Pluto, and parts with his wife Eurydice for ever.

Madame Seymour is studying with Signor Alberto Randegger, who may be justly proud of his pupil. She possesses a voice of exquisite quality and compass; the top part being exceedingly full, but pure withal. We predict for her a most successful career, which, by her performance of the character under notice, she most thoroughly deserves.

PROBABLY the thing that the majority of violin students and players are most ignorant of is the history of their instrument and the details of its construction. It is very rare indeed to find a performer whose knowledge of violin-making extends further than the hazy notion that the table of the instrument is made of pine and the back of maple. But inasmuch as everybody is being "examined" in these days, the student of the violin cannot afford to cherish his ignorance; and there is no excuse for his doing so, since the honorary secretary of the College of Violinists has provided him with the very thing he wants in a compact little *Treatise on the History and Construction of the Violin* (Foucher). Many valuable and scholarly works have been devoted to the violin, but their very completeness, their superabundance of detail, tends to dismay the young student, who feels a kind of horror at the idea of being required to answer three or four questions taken at random from so extensive a field. It has therefore occurred to Mr. George Foucher that a work embracing the principal facts in connection with the history of the instrument itself, and the more salient features in the lives of its great players and makers, with a short account of the process of violin-making, would prove a decided help to the young student, smoothing the difficulties which present themselves to him at the outset of his study, and paving his way to the works of the great authors. He has succeeded admirably, and has produced a volume which cannot fail to be of the highest service to the student.

Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

- 7,007. Henry Jackson, 4, Corporation Street, Manchester. Improvements in the connection with music stands or holders. April 9th, 1894.
- 7,114. Robert Stuart Campbell, Frederick Mews, Stanhope Place, Connaught Square, London. Improvements in bassoons and other wood wind-instruments of similar fingering. April 9th, 1894.

- 7,147. William Eschemann, 24, Southampton Buildings, London. Improvements in musical instruments. April 9th, 1894.
- 7,306. Rasmus Rasmussen, 22, Glasshouse Street, London. A new or improved appliance for turning over the leaves of music. April 12th, 1894.
- 7,331. George White Thomas, 7, Staple Inn, London. Improvements in stringed instruments played by means of a bow. April 13th, 1894.
- 7,558. Lorenzo Dreschi, 37, Queen's Gardens, Brighton. The musicians clock for educating the eye and the ear in all the signs and tones known in the theory of musical harmony. April 17th, 1894.
- 7,694. William Maberley Llewellyn and Walter Gage, 15, King Square, Bristol. Improvements in leaf-turners. April 18th, 1894.
- 7,751. Claude Pierre Marie Gavioli, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in or relating to organs, harmoniums, and the like. April 19th, 1894.
- 7,901. Josef Müller, 70, Wellington Street, Glasgow. Improvements connected with the valves of wind musical instruments. April 21st, 1894.
- 8,009. William Frederick Howe, 19, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. A pocket metronome. April 23rd, 1894.
- SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.
- 10,278. Lyst. Securing music sheets, etc., in covers, 1893. 10d.
- 6,703. Browne. Pianofortes, 1893. 10d.
- 2,355. Thompson. Zithers, 1894. 10d.
- 7,592. Morris. Pianofortes, 1893. 10d.

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Christmas at the Convent.

Song by FRASER HARRIS.

TRIO by F. SCHUBERT.

Impromptu N° 4 by R. Schumann.

Liedlingsplätzchen, F. Mendelssohn.

Ländliches Lied, R. Schumann.



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Dan Wyke

Magazine of Music Supplement, June 1894.

MY KINGDOM.
Song by E. ROGER.

Christmas in the Convent.
Song by S. FRASER HARRIS.

TRIO by F. SCHUBERT.

Impromptu N^o 4 by R. Schumann.

Lieblingsplätzchen by F. Mendelssohn.

Ländliches Lied by R. Schumann.

WELCOME, SWEET PLEASURE.
Chorus by THOMAS WEELKES.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

MY KINGDOM.

Words by SHEILA.

Music by E. ROGER.

Moderato.

VOICE. *p* Not royal I — but

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

yet some day — I shall be King. — Be King I ween, — *cresc.* March-ing a - long — the

cresc.

world's high-way — watching for her my Queen my Queen, *dim.* *mf* No

dim. *p*

crown I crave — no jew - els rare, no pa - la - ces or land — *con espr.* My love shall hide — my

mf *con espr.*

King-dom wide, — with - in her small soft hand, — *pp* with - in her small soft hand. *pp*



mf I do not want a

mf hun-dred serfs to cringe and bow to bow the knee, *cresc.* e-nough I say to

mf hold my sway, in the heart that beats for me. *cresc.* Yet

mf one sweet sub-ject I then shall own the maid that I a-dore, but

f I shall reign and reign a-lone, for e-ver, e-ver more, for

f e-ver, e-ver more!

CHRISTMAS IN THE CONVENT.

Words by N. S.

Music by
S. FRASER HARRIS.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

1. In chap - el and Hall — the Hol - ly is
2. Cross - ing the court - gard deep in the

PIANO.

hung, — The tap - er is lit — and the bell is rung; For the mid - night mass will short - ly be
snow — The saint - ly sis - ters come and go Each head is bent while heads — are

said — With prayers for the liv - ing and prayers for the dead. Down thro' the chan - cel grow - ing
told — Each heart — is glad with the tale of old, And eyes grow bright as they see — once

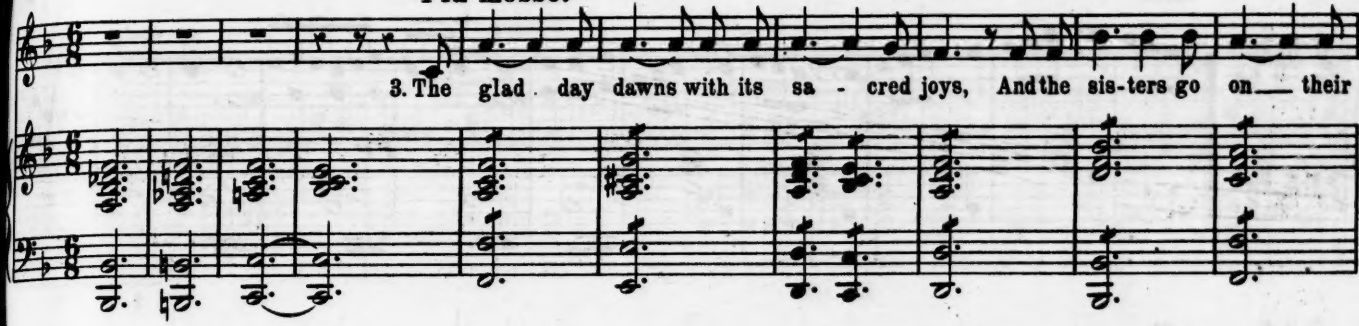
dim Steal the sweet strains of the sis - ters hymn. And the white moon peers through the win - dows tall While
more The shep - herds come to the prayers door. While the brightning stars beam o - ver all While

gen - tly the eve's soft shad - ows fall, While gen - tly the eve's soft shadows fall.

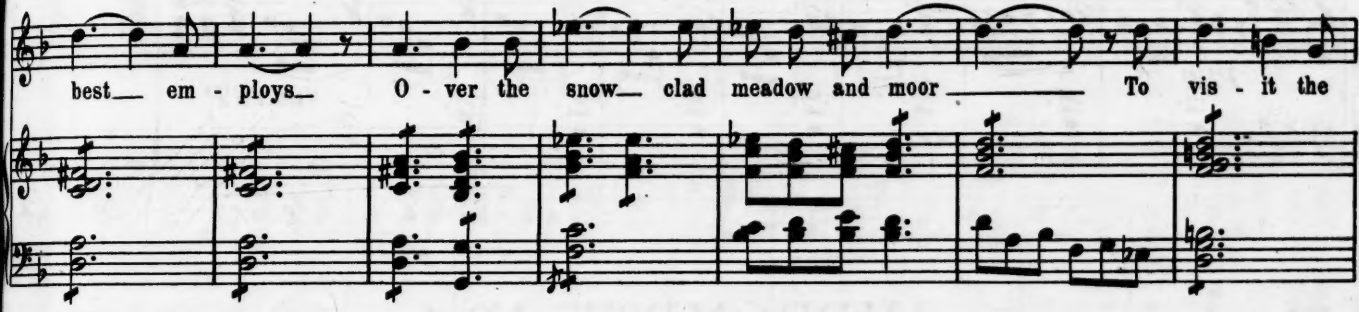


Più mosso.

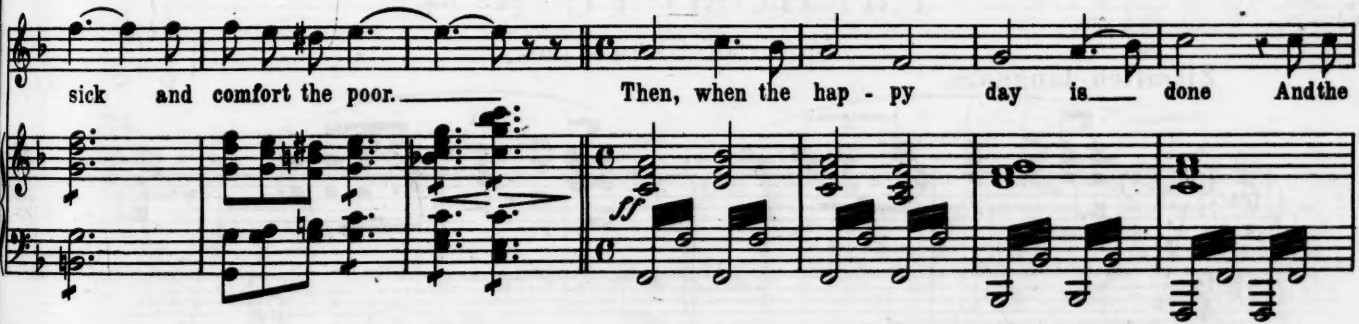
3. The glad day dawns with its sa - cred joys, And the sis - ters go on — their



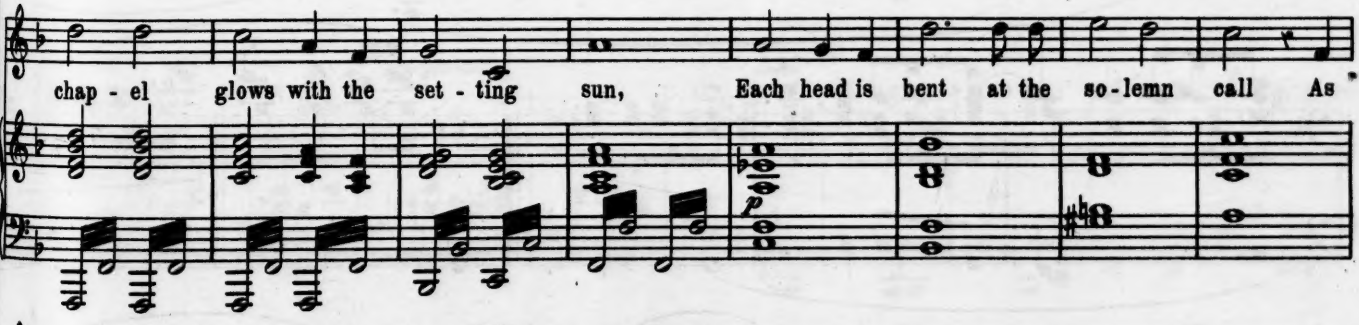
best — em - ploys — O - ver the snow clad meadow and moor — To vis - it the



sick and comfort the poor. — Then, when the hap - py day is — done And the



chap - el glows with the set - ting sun, Each head is bent at the so - lemn call As



soft - ly the Christ - mas shad - ows fall.



T R I O.

F. SCHUBERT.

molto legato

pp *decresc.* *ppp* *cresc.* *decresc.* *pp* *dim. ppp*

1. 2.

IMPROMPTU N^o 4

on air of Clara Wieck.

Ziemlich langsam.

R. SCHUMANN.

p *pp*

LIEBLINGSPLÄTZCHEN.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.



LÄNDLICHES LIED.

R. SCHUMANN.

Moderato.



WELCOME, SWEET PLEASURE.

MADRIGAL for 5 VOICES.*

THOMAS WHEELKES, A. D. 1600.

Allegro. M. M. ♩ = 152.

1st SOPRANO. 1. Wel-come, sweet plea-sure, My wealth and trea-sure; To haste our play-ing There's no de-lay-ing;

2nd SOPRANO. 1. Wel-come, sweet plea-sure, My wealth and trea-sure; To haste our play-ing There's no de-lay-ing;

CONTRALTO. 1. Wel-come, sweet plea-sure, My wealth and trea-sure; To haste our play-ing There's no de-lay-ing;

TENOR. 1. Wel-come, sweet plea-sure, My wealth and trea-sure; To haste our play-ing There's no de-lay-ing;

BASS. 1. Wel-come, sweet plea-sure, My wealth and trea-sure; To haste our play-ing There's no de-lay-ing;

PIANO.

Repeat p

No no no no no no no no no. This mirth de-lights me, When sor-row frights me;

No no no no no no no no no. This mirth de-lights me, When sor-row frights me;

No no no no no no no no no. This mirth de-lights me, When sor-row frights me;

No no no no no no no no no. This mirth de-lights me, When sor-row frights me;

No no no no no no no no no. This mirth de-lights me, When sor-row frights me;

1. Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la. *rall. last verse only.*

Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la.

Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la.

Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la.

Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la.

Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la la, Then sing we all Fa la la la la. la.

2. Sorrow, content thee,
Mirth must prevent thee;
Tho' much thou grievest,
Thou none relievest. No, no, no!
Joy, come delight me,
Tho' sorrow spite me:
Then sing we all Fa la.

3. Grief is disdainful,
Sottish and painful;
Then wait on pleasure,
And lose no leisure. No, no, no!
Hearts-ease it lendeth,
And comfort sendeth;
Then sing we all Fa la.

* Should be sung without accompaniment.

Magazine of Music Supplement, June 1894.

Drei Tänze

—*— für —*—

Violine mit Piano

im irischen Volkston

(Nº 3)

by

ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.



London.

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DREI TÄNZE

für VIOLINE mit PIANO
IM IRISCHEN VOLKSTON.

Nº 3.

ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS
Op. 5. No. 3.Andante con espressione. $\text{♩} = 69.$

VIOLINE.

PIANO.

Andante con espressione. $\text{♩} = 69.$
dim. cresc. dim. cresc. dim. rit. pp dim. e rit.
Allegro. $\text{♩} = 138.$
p cresc. dim.



DREI TÄNZE

für VIOLINE mit PIANO
IM IRISCHEN VOLKSTON.N^o 3.ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS
Op. 5. No. 3.Andante con espressione. $\text{♩} = 69.$

VIOLINE.

PIANO.

dim. *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *rit.* *pp* *dim. e rit.* *Allegro.* $\text{♩} = 138.$ *cresc.* *dim.*



cresc. *dim.* *cresc. e rit.* *dim.* *rit.*

Tempo primo.

cresc. *cresc.*

dim. *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.*

dim. *p cresc. e rit.* *f* *dim. e rit.*

Sir C
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